Vol. CXXXIX. No. 2804.

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THE BYSTANDER JULY 13, 1938.

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Arnold Haskell on the Ballet

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(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

No. 1804. Vol. CXXXIX.

The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

The Viscountess Curzon—a New Portrait

It is three years all but a week or so since Lord and Lady Curzon's enormous St. Paul's Cathedral wedding. She and her husband, Earl Howe's only son, now divide their time between their house in Porchester Close and the Curzon family place, Penn House, near Amersham, in Bucks. Her husband has represented South Battersea on the L.C.C. since last year. Lady Curzon, who is twenty-four this year, is the only child of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall. Her father was made a Baronet in the recent Birthday Honours

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 79

Sir John Milbanke

SIR JOHN MILBANKE is very happy that the terrible old tag of the "Boxing Baronet" is no longer attached to him. At the same time, he used to be very good with his fists, which is more than can be said for most interior decorators. For Sir John is one of the three partners of a successful Grafton Street firm. Sir John has always been interested in antique furniture. His mother had a very fine collection, and it was from her that he inherited this taste. He himself prefers the Georgian period to any other, and thinks that the Regency style is now passing. In pursuit of his business he has been as far as India, where he did the Maharaja of Jaipur's banqueting hall in Georgian style. This was a big job. It had to seat eighty people, which necessitated a table over 70 ft. long. Sir John has also done work in India for the Maharanee of Cooch Behar. He was responsible, too, for all the English decorations at Winfield House, the home of Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow.

ONE might point out at this stage that the story that he is the head of a gigantic corporation known as the Milbanke Trust, which "administers the nine-million-pound fortune of the Countess," is quite ridiculous. In fact, he is associated with a small trust created in this country for a purely nominal reason. I have often wondered about the origin of his nickname, "Buffles." The answer is that his father, who won a V.C. and was killed at Gallipoli later on, spent his honeymoon on the Buffalo River in South Africa in 1901. (I may say that Sir John was born in 1902.) He himself married, in 1928, the then Lady Loughborough, whose cameo I have previously written. There are no children by this marriage, and at present the heir is his brother Toby.

IN his spare time, Sir John, who was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, is very keen on swimming and water ski-ing; is a pretty good shot, preferring high pheasants and duck; not a bad fisherman, preferring the dry-fly variety; has a handicap of 12 at golf, though he seldom plays; likes to spend his holidays, if possible, in Austria; and has a house in Hamilton Terrace. It was five years ago that he sold Mullaboden, his family place in County Kildare. He smokes a pipe and, like most pipe-smokers, is very good-tempered. He can just understand German, but talks French pretty well. Dislikes sitting down thirteen to dinner. Used to hunt, and when at Cambridge had a polo handicap of 3. Has been a teetotaller for eight years. Works every day from 10 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. Prefers Luigi's Grill and the Aperitif to any other grills or restaurants. Dines out a good deal. Loathes dancing. Doesn't like parties. Usually goes to bed pretty early. Doesn't play cards. Enjoys the cinema up to a point, but isn't exactly a keen theatre-goer. And has never owned a race-horse, though his wife used to have Dr. Strabismus, which she sold and which is still winning races in India.

Charles Graves

Tennis for Charity

At Lady Crosfield's Annual Party

Brother and Sister

Lord John and Lady Doreen Hope, Lord and Lady Linlithgow's son and daughter, played together in the American tournament at Lady Crosfield's party. Their uncle, Lord Charles Hope, is a well-known tennis player

Tea Talk

The Hon. Viola Lyttelton ate her tea in Sir Guy Domville's company. He is one of London's crack bridge-players. She is Viscount Cobham's eldest daughter, wears ankle boots to play tennis in

The Best Exhibition Match of the Day

Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., and Mrs. Helen Wills Moody beat Madame Mathieu and "Coco" Gentien in the star exhibition match of the afternoon. Several Wimbledon players showed their skill on behalf of the North Islington Infant Welfare Centre, for which Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield always give their post-Wimbledon party. Mrs. Moody stayed with Capt. Cazalet and his sister for part of her English visit

Guests of Honour and Players

Left: Princess Cecile of Prussia was one of Lady Crosfield's guests of honour and sat watching next Mme. Paravicini and her umbrella-sunshade. With them are the Infanta Maria Christina, who played as "Miss Christine Greville," and her partner, Baron von Flotow

Another Brother and Sister Pair

Above are Lady Birkenhead and her brother, the Hon. Rodney Berry. They met the Hope pair in the American tournament and lost to them

Miss Cazalet Shows Princess Alice Her Racquet

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone was another of Lady Crosfield's guests of honour. She looked rather envyingly at Miss Thelma Cazalet's racquet. The latter is a regular player at the West Hill party

Covent Garden Ballet

A Season of Youth

By Arnold L. Haskell

SINCE my last article the situation has clarified itself; insurgents and nationalists (which are which?) are fighting out the issue. It is for the public to decide if it can support two large visiting companies, and it is to be hoped that the balletomanes will retain some vestige of a critical attitude. The quality of the work alone matters.

The Ballet at Covent Garden, now known as Educational, Ltd., is under the chairmanship of Victor Dandré, a man of wide experience and fine integrity, who has taken charge at a time of great difficulty.

Each season of ballet has its idiotic clichés that sweep round the foyer like a prairie fire, fanned by those who are ever so knowing but not quite in the know. This year's is more gloriously inaccurate than ever. First, of course, the annual "the corps de ballet is ragged" (this is always safe and reveals great perspicacity when uttered with a pensive look, head slowly nodding); and this year's special: "there's no one left."

THE first night was a misfortune; highly strung dancers (and public) kept waiting by a display of stupidity and ill manners from some one or other in authority. The magic of a first night had gone beyond recall, and Baronova, a great Baronova, and Riabouchinska as individuals alone saved the occasion and distinguished it by their brilliance. Riabouchinska has grown up; her instinctive charm has grown into conscious artistry that carries her personality throughout the big house. For the first time in an exceptionally interesting career she can be said to dominate the stage, and, what is rare, she has retained all of the original charm.

THAT first night has been in no way typical of the season. So far there has been lacking the perfection and maturity of previous years. The blank left by Massine in every role he undertook is undoubted. Yet the work, if less perfect, has been more interesting than ever, just because so much young talent has had the chance of revealing itself, just because "so much *is* left." After the revelations of 1933 youth had been given too little opportunity. It was a case of watching that vintage year's discoveries maturing while the members of the corps de ballet waited in hopeless and helpless patience.

THE most successful debut of the season has been that of Irina Kosmovska as the bad pupil in that little masterpiece, *Scuola di Ballo*. Kosmovska is the type of dancer that Russian Ballet alone can produce, the true character dancer, with a range that includes the broader roles of demi-caractère, and not the usual classical dancer who has failed. This girl is a true discovery. She has an exuberant personality governed by a very real sense of discipline and proportion.

Sono Osato may never be a great technician, but she is an artist, graceful by nature, and fully conscious of what she is doing. She will go far.

Volkova is light and technically proficient, Anna Adrianova, to-day calmer and more disciplined, has an exceptional quality of movement that singles her out from all her contemporaries. Olga Morosova gave a fine performance in *Le Coq d'Or*. She has gained in every way.

Nemtchinova, a guest artist, disappointing in *Les Sylphides*, never her strong point, has given a fine performance in *The Midnight Sun*, and a *Swan Lake* of great strength though lacking in dignity at moments.

Among the men Rostoff shines in character, getting the maximum of humour, both broad and subtle, from his Dodon and giving to Malatesta dignity as well as horror. Lazovsky continues to develop his god-given sense of rhythm. Among the "veterans" Shabelevsky is dancing better than ever, Borovansky is a clown in the grand manner, Algeranoff shows a fine sense both of character and make-up.

Petroff, very greatly improved, and Jasinsky continue to be the backbone of the company, reliable and often more in a diversity of roles; so reliable that their fine contribution to the whole might easily be overlooked.

SO far we have had only one novelty, Lichine's *Protée*, to Debussy's *Danses Sacrées et Profanes*. *Protée* is an unambitious work that shows us the dance of five girls and a god on the shores of a Greek island and that unfolds a very simple theme; will he reveal to them the future? They hold him; no, he escapes.

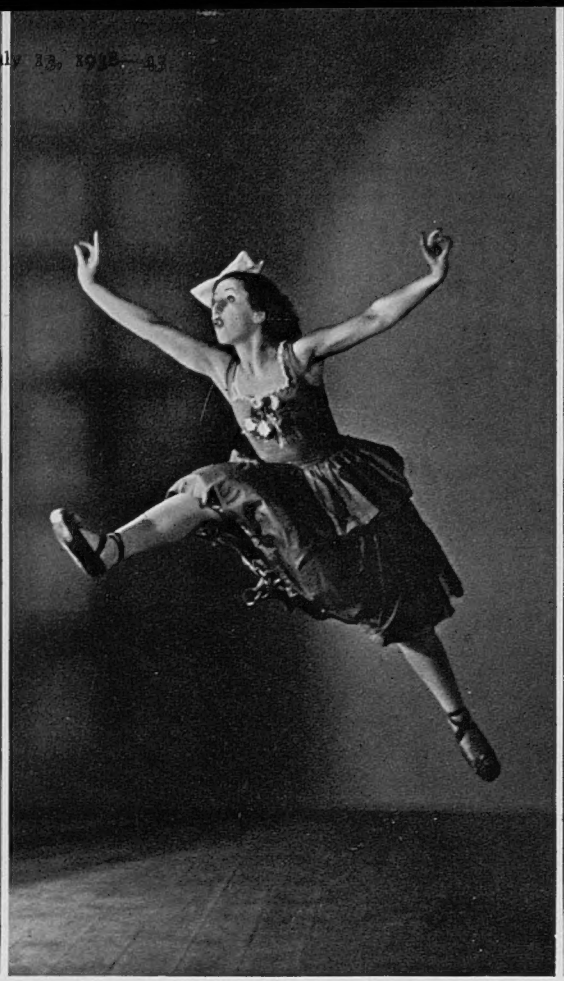
This is certain to be compared with *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. The comparison is extremely superficial. Lichine has treated Debussy with greater respect and has not bound himself to any slavish imitation of bas-relief, though he has borrowed many poses. He uses "points" and the whole thing is a stylisation; compound of Greece and Blasis. The grouping is interesting and for the first time Lichine seems to have seen a work clearly as a whole and not to have intruded his tendency for theatrical flamboyance. Also, he has shown great skill in his choice of a cast. Osato and Adrianova have the most individual and interesting movement of any young dancers in Russian Ballet and the Canadian "children," Denisova and Sobinova, though obviously immature, equally obviously have quality. They justify their selection. Lichine himself is at length disciplined by the choreographer.

CHIRICO'S costumes are beautiful, his backcloth good as a background but quite unnecessarily slapdash. I am getting a little weary of that type of thing. Bakst, Benois, Gontcharova and Derain remain in a class of their own. They are truly professional, not easel artists on a holiday.

This little work as a whole is distinctly encouraging. I find myself a strong believer in the resources of the present company, if it can find the calm in which to develop them.

The orchestra has given the best performances of any season to date, and Antal Dorati, always a good musician, has developed enormously as a conductor.

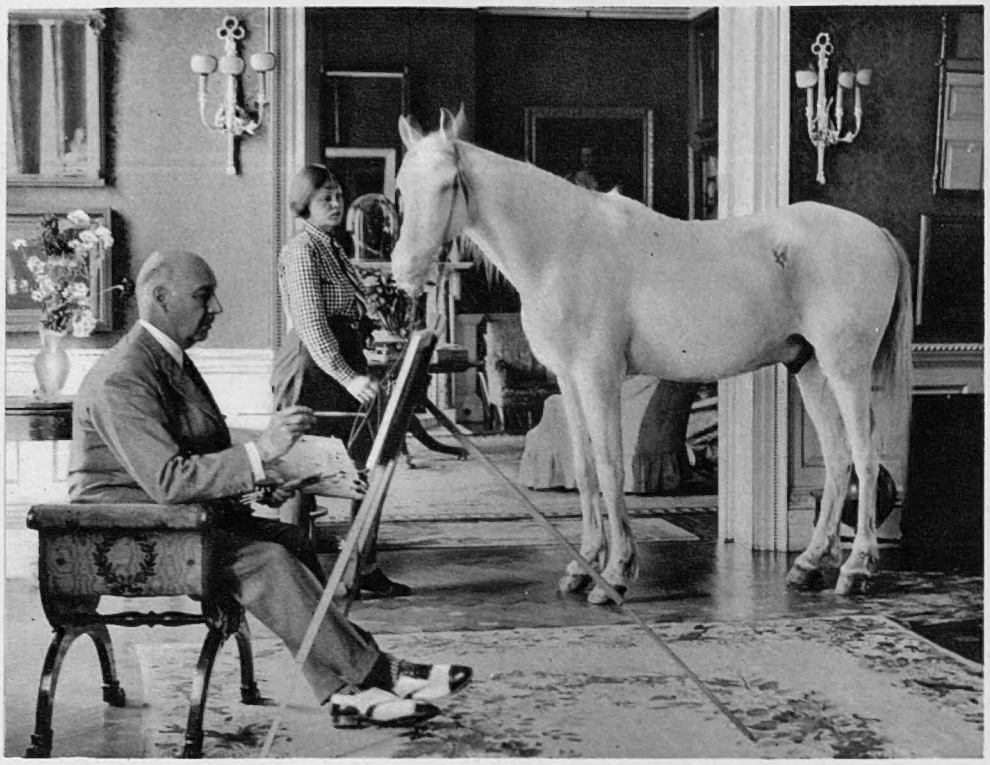
Kosmovska as a Gypsy in "Petrouchka"



Irina Kosmovska in "Scuola di Ballo"

Photographs by Anthony

Kosmovska has had a big success as Felicita, the absurd Bad Pupil of the Massine ballet, *Scuola di Ballo*, in which part these action pictures were taken. Mr. Haskell describes her in his article as "the type of dancer that Russian Ballet alone can produce, the true character dancer, with a range which includes the broader roles of demi-caractère." She is half Russian, half Caucasian, was working in Germany before she joined the de Basil Company in May last year, and makes her debut as a solo dancer at Covent Garden this season. As Felicita she has succeeded to a part in which everyone will remember Delarova, and also as one of the Gipsies in *Petrouchka*. She is one of the Two Friends in *Concurrence*, which was revived last week



Lord Berners at Home to a Horse

" Show them in " says Lord Berners when Mrs. Betjeman and her Arab are announced. And up the front steps they come and into the drawing-room at Faringdon House which Lord Berners uses as studio while he is painting their portrait. Mrs. Betjeman is a Berkshire neighbour and well known out with the O.B.H.

Family Party to a July Court

More orthodox in a season's news bulletin than Lord Berners painting a horse is a father, mother and daughter off to Court. Capt. Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., the blind chairman of St. Dunstan's, and Lady Fraser took their debutante daughter, Jean, last Wednesday to make her curtsy to the King, who held Court alone

A July View of the Season

They Missed the Shower

Lord Anson, Mrs. Edward Morley Fletcher and Lady Anson (she was Anne Bowes-Lyon) just missed a big shower as they went from the Brompton Oratory to Stanhope Gate for the Lyell—Trafford wedding reception

Henley Boater and Blazer

Major and Mrs. P. D. M. Ellison were in Col. A. F. R. Wiggins' Household Brigade party on the last or " Grand," day at Henley. He is in the Grenadier Guards. His wife's halo hat took a " boater " look from its riverside surroundings

Right: Lady Hamilton and Lady May Abel-Smith were the two competitive greengrocers trying to do a deal with Mrs. Messer. This was at the open-air market in the court of St. Peter's, Vere Street (a stone's-throw from Covent Garden itself), in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney

These two wedding hats were worn by the Hon. Mrs. John Wills and the Countess of Lewes at the Lyell—Trafford wedding (see pp. 48-9)

Marrows are Cheap and Good To-d So a

Debutante Daughters of a Civil Servant

Daphne and Barbara Holmes are doing the season together and were presented together by their mother, Lady Holmes. Daphne is the elder of the two. Their father, Sir Maurice Holmes, knighted in January, has been Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education since last year

The Infinite Pleasure of Breaking Things

One delicious fashion at charity garden-parties is the china-breaking stall. You can see from the faces above—of Miss Anna Lee, Lady Monckton and Lady Jowitt—how satisfying it is. On the right is A. P. Herbert, running a skittle-alley, with Miss Sylvia Pearman as his pretty pupil. All this at the Inner Temple party in aid of the Bentham Committee (which gives legal assistance to the poor)

Chairman, Mayor and City Marshal

Left: Lady Cynthia Asquith was the chairman of the Cannes Ball. She received the guests (and a huge bouquet) at Grosvenor House. With her are the Mayor of Cannes, Dr. Bousquet, and the City Marshal

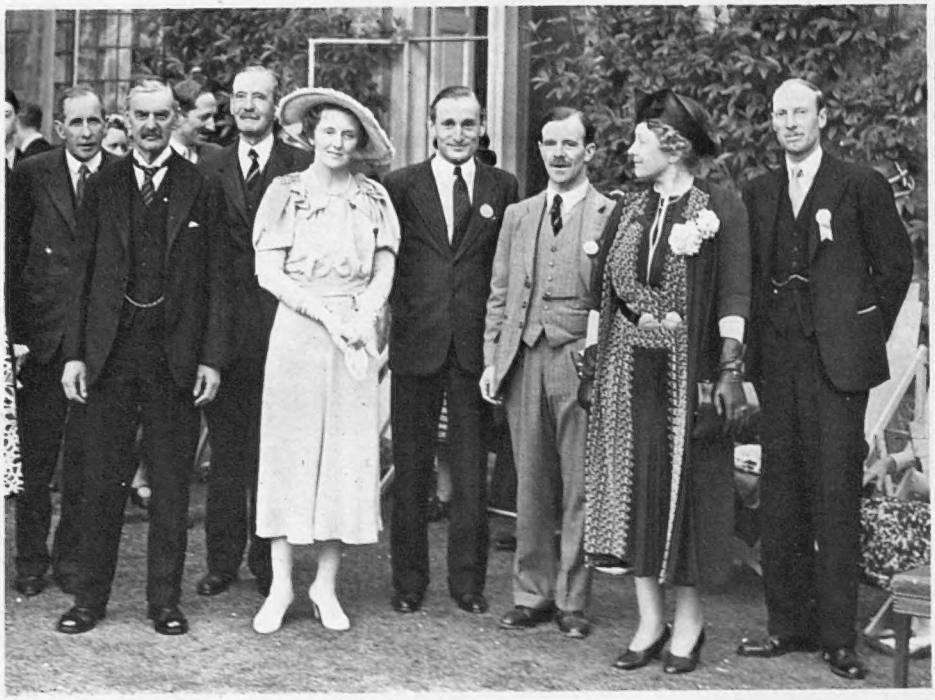
Skittle-Alley Master and Pupil

... are Cabbages

Charity Ball Talk

Above are the Hon. Herbert Asquith and Lady Joan Peake at the Cannes Ball. The beauties in the bower on the right led the battle of flowers, the most Riviera note of the evening. They are Catherine Sinclair (who came on from the Court), Mary Asquith, Elizabeth Wellesley, Gay Margesson and Clarissa Churchill

They Said: Let the Battle (of Flowers) Commence



A Government Group at Boughton House

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch were hosts the week-end before last to the Prime Minister and fifteen hundred of his supporters in a "National" party rally at Boughton House, near Kettering, when Mr. Chamberlain took the opportunity to discourage publicly wild attempts at home-growing all our food. In this group are the P.M., the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Burghley, M.P., Wing-Commander James, M.P., Mrs. Chamberlain and the Duke of Buccleuch

Oxford Support at 2/-

Viscount Sankey, Lord Chancellor from 1929-1935, went to Lord's for the drawn Varsity match. He was at Jesus College, Oxford, in the 'eighties, is now an Honorary Fellow as well as an Honorary LL.D. of Cambridge

The Vice-

The Oxford bicycle life for most by Oxford motorist publicised by " took in introducin authentication Lindsay, Maste

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

At last the British Plan for the Withdrawal of Volunteers has been accepted by all the nations represented on the Non-Intervention Committee. This does not mean that a beginning will at once be made in the withdrawal. Not at all. The first preliminary is the despatch of two Counting Commissions to count the volunteers. How on earth the counting is to be done baffles the imagination. A judicious shuffling of regiments as the Commissions majestically approach, a skilful hiding away of foreign chaps in dug-outs and cellars, a timely distribution of civilian clothes to units in the back areas and a little jiggery-pokery with passports ought to prove conclusively that the volunteers on each side consist of two cripples, a boy, and some charwomen. These will then be withdrawn by another Commission.

Another odd thing about the withdrawal scheme is the cost of it. Roughly, it is to cost 2¾ millions of pounds, of which this country is to fork out one-fifth plus one quarter of Russia's share=one quarter. It has been stated that each of the countries which haven't intervened at all, of course, is prepared to arrange the sea transport for its own nationals. The German, Italian, and Russian volunteers, therefore, have only got to be financed as far as the coast. The French and the Portuguese can presumably walk home, and that leaves only the British (the Irish fire-eaters having prudently snapped out some time ago), the blackamoors, and the odds and ends. Even if the gallant Othellos are treated as true-blue Castilians (rather like Stephen's blue-black ink) and excluded, surely it can't cost all that amount of money?

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes steered lightheartedly into tricky waters when he described the captains of the bombed merchantmen as "dummy captains." Three tough old salts, skippers of the British Mercantile Marine, bearded the Admiral in his binnacle—or whatever it might be—and blew him out of the water in double-quick time. The valiant Admiral had to admit that he was only referring—out of the whole of the Merchant Service—to a single ship which had a "dummy captain." Actually, out of forty-three ships flying the Red Ensign which have been bombed in Spanish ports, thirty-one were flying the Red Ensign before the Spanish Civil War ever began, and twelve have registered since.

President Roosevelt's conference at Evian has opened. The object of it is to try to discover some practical means of helping refugees from Germany and Austria. The first practical step was taken on the first day of the conference when the United States announced that it would take 27,000 refugees annually. The two great difficulties are, of course, land and money. The Governments of the world, or, at any rate, the humane Governments, will be all the readier to find the land if International Jewry makes an organised effort to find some of the money.

A perfect bit of political propaganda is contained in the current number of the *Saturday Evening Post*. In an article headed "Jimmy's Got It," the *Post* describes quietly, plainly, without rancour and with very little comment, the amazing and spectacular insurance business which Jimmy Roosevelt, the President's son, has built up since his father went to the White House. The article simply bristles with innuendo without making a single accusation. Every paragraph is silkily suggestive without a trace of libel. It is a pretty bit of work.

The House of Commons is standing very much on its dignity and its hind-legs just now. The Sandys-storm, so to speak, gave it a nasty jolt, and now the Coal Bill is getting the come-back. The Lords, or, rather, the heavy coal interests in the Lords, returned the Coal Bill with 117 amendments. It is true that most of them are only drafting amendments, but several are of great importance, and the Commons will have nothing to do with them.

There is a famous critic in London—he criticises pretty nearly every art in one paper or another except Embroidery and Needlework—who is very fond of quoting extracts from books which he is reviewing. Having nothing better to do, I counted the lines in a recent book article. Of his own original work there were 131 lines, and of quotations 155 lines. One can only commend his modesty.

Chancellor and His Bike

an integral part of university this century and well cursed in the last decade, has been Yank at Oxford" and the part it the hero to his Dean. Here is the person of Alexander Dunlop of Balliol, Vice-Chancellor

C. Aubrey Smith, C.B.E.

Charles Aubrey Smith, who plays the Duke of Wellington in Herbert Wilcox's detailed re-hash of "Victoria the Great," called "Sixty Glorious Years," went to the Palace in private capacity last week to receive his C.B.E. from the King

Degenerate German Art at the New Burlington Galleries

As a gesture of friendliness and approval to the German Government, the exhibition of condemned pictures which was such a success at Munich has been transferred to London: it was opened by Augustus John last week, whose nine-word speech was a disappointment to the crowds who had hoped for remarks on official German (or even English) attitude to art. The portrait here is of Uzarsky, by Otto Dix, President of the Dresden Academy in 1926, post-war satirist and critic of Germany. The exhibition is at the New Burlington Galleries

WE all know that the American Customs officials are the smartest in the world. They can detect a case of whisky or a cabinet of cigars as soon as look at it. Hats off, therefore, to the boys who took the 20-ton, 25-foot, Chinese figure of Buddha "carved in pure white stone," bisected it, and smuggled the two halves into New York City.

THERE is a moral in the Men's Singles (Amateur) Championship of this year's Wimbledon. Mr. Donald Budge won with ludicrous ease and is being loudly acclaimed as the "best ever." He certainly is a magnificent player. But it is an axiom in all moving-ball games that a good player always plays far better against a lesser player than against another good player. For one thing he is full of confidence, and for another he always has an extra yard in hand to get into position for his stroke. Budge had no one against him except Austin. When Tilden was the champion he had to play against Johnston, Williams, Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra, and Patterson. Nowadays lawn tennis is played by professionals who are barred from Wimbledon, and amateurs who are not. But as almost all the great players are now professionals, Wimbledon is rapidly becoming a farce. If the game is not going to be called "lawn pingpong," the lawn tennis pundits—those eccentric gents—will have to get down to it and organise an open championship. Amateurs and professionals compete together happily without ruining real tennis, cricket, golf, racquets, squash racquets, and Association football. So why not at the youngest game of the lot? Perhaps the L.T.A. is desperately anxious that its boys and girls should maintain their amateurism on the same untarnished level as the players of amateur Rugger. This might be the reason. Don't laugh. It might be.

BUT the whole position of the amateur is becoming more and more peculiar. Mr. Don Bradman, for instance, is an amateur cricketer. True, he will be paid a substantial cash bonus for his services in England this year, but he remains an amateur. Mrs. Don Bradman is a free citizeness of the free Australian Commonwealth, and the wife of a free amateur cricketer. But the Australian cricket authorities have forbidden Mrs. Don to travel to England after the cricket season is over. She may go as far as Colombo, they say, but not to England. But what will happen if the Australian Darts Association forbids her to go further than Singapore, and if the Australian Amateur Fret-workers' Guild orders her to go to Tasmania?

For Evian-les-Bains

Once more the Lake of Geneva is the setting for an international conference, and Evian, so far known for its water and its casino, gives its name to the deliberations on Jewish migration problems. Earl Winterton and Sir Charles Palairet, lately our Minister in Vienna, were photographed at their departure by air

TALKING of Mr. Bradman (and you will admit, little reader, that I have been very self-restrained and have hardly written a word about him all summer), I see that every device is being used, both on and off the cricket field, to confuse the great man. Playing golf near Manchester, he asked the local professional: "Why do I always slice out to the right?" The professor, obviously acting under instructions from Sir P. Warner and Miss P. Stack, replied, according to the *News Chronicle*: "You should bring your hips more over to the right on the up-swing." The bewildered Cornstalk went off muttering, "I have been told to try everything else but that."

A FAMOUS old character has retired after long service from the game of golf. For sixty-two years "Robbie" Mearns was caddie-professional to the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club, and he must have walked round the Balgownie links many thousands of times, playing and carrying. "Robbie" was never a professional in the modern sense of combining play with teaching, club-making, and shop-keeping. He knew nothing about the theory of the game, and his only advice was "hit the b——y ball." Probably he was the very last of the old school of Scottish professionals who hit the ball low and straight and accurately, and couldn't putt for toffee.

Social Register

Weddings and Christenings

Miss Heber-Percy and Sir Ian Walker

Lord Lyell and Miss Sophie Trafford

Mr. R. E. L. Harvey

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between Lord Lyell and Sophie Trafford, performed by the Prior of Worth, the bride's uncle. Lord Lyell is the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyell's only son; he succeeded his grandfather when he was thirteen. The new Lady Lyell is Major and Lady Betty Trafford's second daughter

Left: It was a country wedding at St. Mary's, Warwick, between Sir Ian Walker, Bt., the late Sir Peter and Lady Walker's son, and Dorothy Elizabeth Heber-Percy, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick. The Bishop of Hereford and the Bishop of Coventry officiated; the King of the Belgians and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester sent wedding presents

Anthony Ashley-Cooper

Right: Lord and Lady Ashley's baby son was given the same name as his father at the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street, and Earl Cadogan, Capt. G. H. Grosvenor and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey as godparents. Lady Ashley is French-born

Elizabeth Susan Lever

Left: the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Lever presented Lord Leverhulme with his first grandchild, a daughter, and she was christened in the church where her parents were married, on their first wedding anniversary

Right: Mr. and Mrs. David Philip's son was christened at St. George's, Hanover Square, on his mother's twenty-first birthday. She is Sir Charles Mappin's half-sister, was Daphne Duke before marrying David Philips.

Timothy David Philips

and Miss D. Mainwaring

Roger Edward Lennox Harvey and Diana Eina Claude Mainwaring were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the Rev. E. O. C. and Mrs. Harvey's son, and is in the Scots Guards; she is the late Sir Harry Mainwaring and Lady Mainwaring's daughter

Miss Green and Mr. Hesketh-Prichard

Michael Hesketh-Prichard is the eldest son of the late Major H. V. Hesketh-Prichard and Lady Elizabeth Motion, of Serge Hill, Abbots Langley, Herts., and nephew of the Earl of Verulam. Venetia Green is the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Green and Mrs. Frederick Green, of Caddington Hall, Markyate. They were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mr. Reiss and Miss Phillpotts

John A. E. Reiss and Ambrosine Phillpotts were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at five-thirty last Thursday. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reiss, of Sandiwey House, Hartford, Cheshire, and she is the only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Phillpotts, of Lamerton House, Kew, Surrey

Sir Marmaduke Blennerhassett and Miss Harington - Morgan

Left: Sir Marmaduke Blennerhassett and Gwenfra Harington - Morgan were married quietly at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the sixth Baronet of Blennerville, Co. Kerry; she is the late Judge Harington-Morgan and Mrs. Douglas Campbell's daughter. They are honeymooning at Heidenburg Castle, Bavaria

Right: Mary Katharine Corbett's marriage to Sir William and Lady Crawford's son, Robert, took place at her home village of Witley, Surrey, in All Saints' Church. She is the daughter of the late Eric Corbett and Mrs. Corbett, of Gorsehill, Witley. The Crawfords live at Heath House, Meadway Close, N.W.11

Mr. R. S. Crawford and Miss M. K. Corbett

Mr. S. A. Pitman and Miss Cynthia Miller

Left: Stuart Alfred Pitman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pitman, of Bath, and grandson of the late Sir Isaac Pitman, married Cynthia Geraldine Miller at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. A. D. Miller, Royal Scots Greys, and the late Mrs. Miller

Right: William Thomas Charles Skyrme, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Skyrme, of Thorney House, Palace Gate, W., and Barbara Suzanne Lyle, younger daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle, of Bournemouth, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. W. T. C. Skyrme and Miss Suzanne Lyle

The Duchess of Norfolk and Her Daughter

Social news picture of the week was supplied by the Duchess of Norfolk and her baby daughter, when they went for their first outing together. Lady Anne Elizabeth Howard was born a month ago yesterday and was christened four days later by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Her godparents are Viscount Strathallan, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, her uncle, Lady Rachel Howard, her aunt, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were married in January last year; before that she was the Hon. Lavinia Strutt. Last March they moved into their London house, 14, Belgrave Square, which they bought from the Earl of Dudley

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Lot's Wife" (Aldwych)

MISS NORA SWINBURNE is, perhaps, the most cheerful leading lady on the stage to-day. It is, therefore, appropriate that the first play presented under her management should be an extremely cheerful comedy—a comedy in which, although the modern city of Modos is destroyed by lava even as its prototype Sodom was destroyed by brimstone, the story of Lot's Wife serves almost entirely as a basis for laughter. Even in the original version there is, when you come to think of it, something comic. To be turned into a deer or a frog is a familiar fate befalling those who incur the displeasure of supernatural powers. But what a surprise to be turned, of all things, into a pillar of salt! One can almost hear Lot's Wife murmuring in protest: "Surely there must be some mistake in the translation!" But since no scholar seems to have queried it, a pillar of salt we must accept as gospel.

SINCE it is humanity rather than curiosity that causes Mrs. Lot to turn back in Mr. Peter Blackmore's play, she deservingly escapes the punishment of her predecessor. The man she loves, a maker of roads in outposts of Empire, which comes as a nice change from bridges, has given her a canary—a present as useful as it is unusual, since it provides her with something to do when she is alone on the stage. To save that canary from the ashes she returns, while her husband, unable to wait, makes a dash for safety with his two married daughters. So Mrs. Lot, who would be justified by this in turning into a pillar of stone, marries her roadmaker, while Mr. Lot, presumed to be dead, dwells precariously for a year on a mountain-top, not only with his two married daughters, but with the two babies who are born there. Mr. Lot is the butt of the night. His incessant complaints, even in the face of the best fortune, come briskly and divertingly throughout the entertainment from the lips of Mr. Cecil Parker. As, for example, when he is awakened from his slumber with the news that help has at last arrived, and he petulantly exclaims, "What a time of night to be rescued!"

THE return of Mr. Lot to view the unveiling of the memorial which has been erected in his honour by a relative, and his meeting there with the wife he left behind him, complete the comedy—a comedy with enough good lines to set a critic hoping that this is a first play. On the night of my visit, when the piece was at the Whitehall, an epidemic of shouting, which may matter less at the Aldwych, laid some of the best lines low. But of Miss Swinburne herself, who is not only cheerful but charming, and not only charming but quick-witted, I make no complaint. And some of the smaller character-studies, if not masterpieces of observation, are quite nice little triumphs of invention.

With centrepiece: Lot's Wife (Nora Swinburne)

With camera and knees: Mr. Angell (Clive Morton)

Left: With goat: John Lot (Cecil Parker)

Right: With leaves: Sally (Jane Welsh) and Joey (Brian Coleman)

Sketches by Rouson

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"He came here to forget a woman, but he can't remember which one"

HALF the population (total 21) of the island of Roan, off the north-west coast of Sutherland, are leaving for the mainland, after constant petitions to the Secretary for Scotland. The island is no place for a civilised being, apparently—the poor devils haven't even got a cinema—and when you come to think of it, hardly any of the islands off Great Britain *are* happy. That is to say, the inhabitants aren't, barring those of Caldey, off the Pembroke coast, who are monks, and those of Skomer and Lundy in the Bristol Channel, who are birds. Even the lovely mystic Aran Islands are changing for the worse, they say. Even the purple Hebrides are suffering from the modern malaise, and the inhabitants losing that primitive strength and charm which came of isolation from the world and ignorance of the B.B.C. Anglesey we have no recent news of. It may be happy in a dim, subfusc way, but there are already rumours about that Mr. Lloyd George may be divine but is not immortal, and when he 's gone the inhabitants will probably cut their throats. The Isle of Wight we know personally only in Cowes Week, when the aboriginals, over whom the shadow of Osborne is said to brood heavily all the rest of the year even now, cast care aside at the sight of so many exquisite yachting chaps. Similarly do the dim and dubious Manx simulate briskness during the summer months when the boarding-houses are full. God knows what a Manxman's thoughts must be in February ! And in the Scillies, when they are not preoccupied with marketing daffodils, what do they think about in the winter evenings ? What dooms perturb their island souls amid the long boom of the Atlantic ?

The only really happy island under the Old Flag, with the exceptions above named, seems to us to be Australia ; and it is a high type of happiness. Look into the eyes of the next Australian you meet. That limpid spirituality, that clear yet mystical innocence is of a kind to shame the average citizen of this country, and generally does, unless he happens to be a confidence-man.

E. V.

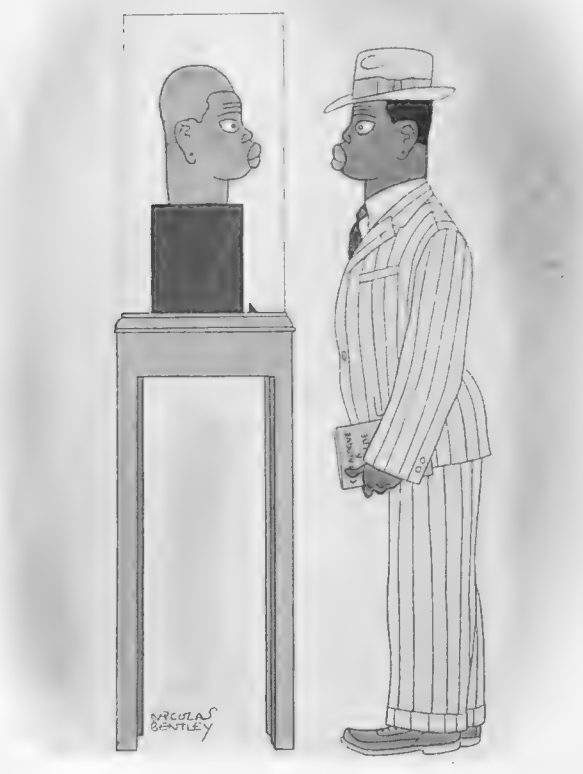
NONE of the printed tributes to E. V. Lucas conveyed one essential characteristic of his which was greatly prized by his friends—namely, his difference from his writings. That mellow, dulcet Lambishness which flowed so easily from his pen rarely appeared in his conversation, which was sardonic, sometimes ruthless, generally packed with wit, sometimes Rabelaisian, and always a pleasure to listen to. Without being what the current Freudian jargon calls schizophrenic, or split-minded, " E. V." was undoubtedly two distinct personalities, and we loved and esteemed the talker more, though he would have startled some of the old ladies of the Close who basked in the equable sunshine of his books and essays. (He could, for instance, be terrible in his observations when food in restaurants wasn't just what he thought it should have been. But we count this a virtue in a country where chaps meekly accept whatever is slung at them.) One of our merriest evenings with him was spent back-stage at the Cirque d'Hiver (or was it Médrano ?) among the clowns, whom he loved ; especially the Fratellini, who esteemed him so much that they even asked us to write a little something in their album, an honour generally reserved to the important. Perhaps these three eminent clowns still treasure the superb accordion E. V. bought them.

It is almost impossible to believe that he was seventy when he died. He mixed as easily with men forty years his junior as he did with his contemporaries, always providing they were the kind of company he liked (which wasn't every kind). He loved discriminatingly food, wine, pictures, friends, France, Sussex, cricket, films, Charles Lamb, the Garrick Club, and—which is odd in a literary man—the hellish labour of writing. He hated unpunctuality, bad cooks, bores, prigs and Yahoos. His affection for his friends was such that he would stand them calling his idol Lamb a drunken little ass, and merely laugh. He was cross with us only once in about twelve years, and that was for proving to him with diagrams that cricket is a game for cretins. That was in a very good obscure little restaurant in the Avenue de Neuilly, now closed to us for ever. We 'll to the woods no more, the laurels are all cut.

Warning

IN renaming Hart Street, Holborn, " Bloomsbury Way," the L.C.C. have done a sound thing. Strangers to the quarter can now take warning that they are in the gates of Bloomsbury and can fly in time, whereas before they were apt to wander in all innocence up Hart Street into Southampton Row. Practically nothing could save them then, whether they went straight on down Theobalds Road or turned left towards Russell Square. They were right among the hairy gibbering epicene shapes and all was lost. Those who did not lose their reason and run amuck generally went native and produced hideous ape-like offspring, every one a little Œdipus. But as most Bloomsbury children murder their parents when they grow up—" self-expression " is a very sacred thing round those parts—the local population is happily kept within reasonable limits.

To the casual eye Hart Street looks like anything but the gateway to Bloomsbury : a rather heavy, drab, late-Victorian bourgeois street, with an ugly church (possessing a statue of George I., the gift of a pious brewer, atop of its steeple, the only recorded canonisation of this Beatus), a



Ethnology

pub, an hotel, a few blocks of chambers and offices, and the coffee-coloured tomb on its Holborn corner of what was once Mudie's, unless it 's been lately swept away. But if you have a nose for such things, you can smell Bloomsbury in the air as easily as you can smell Limburg as your train approaches. You are entering the territory of the Thinkers (and how they think !). Phew ! An ounce of civet, good apothecary !

Take Cover

WILD box-office managers wouldn't drag us into a theatre to see a new farce in which one of the principals was named " Bertie Smythe-Smythe," and we gather from one of the critics who joined his brethren in panning a new farce of this kind the other night that they knew what they were in for as soon as they glanced at the programme. " Mr. Popplethwaite " is another thrice-welcome signal to the wary theatregoer, and anything from the French with a " M. Pomponneau " and a " Zouzou " in it is as good as an air-raid warning. Our theory, developed after years of patient study, is that while no farce is very funny, a farce garnished with funny names is about as funny as a British comedy quota-quickie. On the other hand, everything is funny to somebody, and as at every farce there are stout chaps behind one, sahibs and white men through and through, porping with laughter every time the principal character falls on his behind or hides under the bed, it is evident that farce has its appeal.

Some few years ago there was quite a crop or rash of cheery little farces in the West End, and the drawn white faces of the critic boys made us quite sorry for them. The Critics' Circle was like a club in India just before the rains, full of hyena-like snappings and snarlings. Several of the boys spoke savagely of chucking the racket and doing a job of work, but this was just rather pathetic bravado due to overstrained nerves. Then, so far as we recollect, Mr. Maugham came along with a play about an old lady murdering her son pour le bon motif, and so restored the boys' belief in truth, beauty, and (to coin a word) Life.

Bye-Byes

THE attitude in which a chap sleeps, a medical authority told a conference last week, can tell his doctor a lot about his general mental attitude ; which is interesting, though not so simple as it sounds. We know chaps who can sleep soundly in any position. You see them walking about all day, in Pall Mall and round about, for example. Their mouths open and shut for food, their eyes have a fixed, glazed expression, and they are extremely fond of spending the afternoon at Lord's, where the words, " Oh, played, Sir ! " and " Oh, hard cheese, Sir ! " issue from their wooden jaws at regular intervals. Well, we don't need any doctor's help to assess the general mental attitude of sleepers of this type. We can do it ouselves. Their views on anything from socks to the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar are plain at a glance. It 's the temperamental sleepers like A. G. Macdonell who give the psychologist trouble.

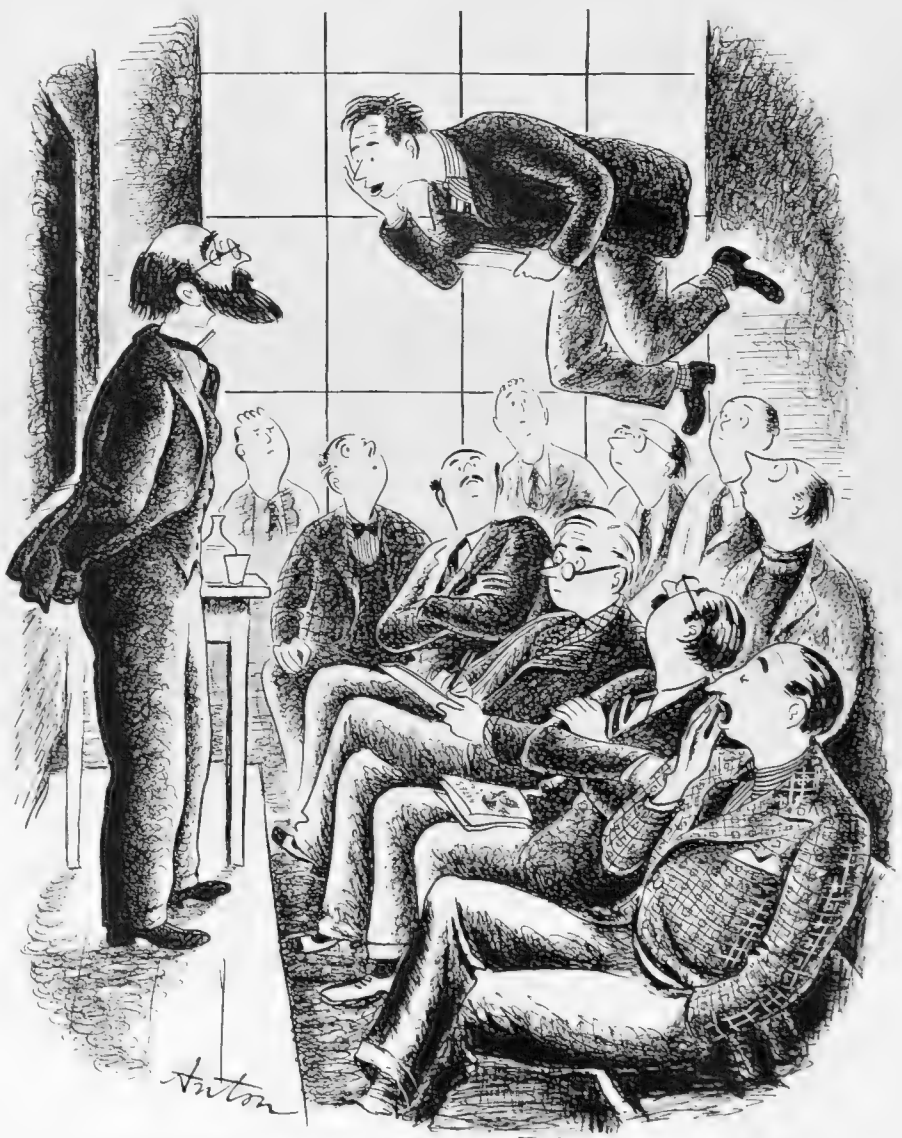
We slept side by side with Macdonell at the opening day of the first Test match at Nottingham. He sleeps sometimes bolt upright, eyes fixed on the field, sometimes tosses from side to side. Obscure mumblings issue from him at intervals, such as " Pretty ! " or " Let 's get the hell out of here." Once he had a long wakeful spell, brightly observant, alert, and curious, like a bird at dawn. His head then sank nearly to his knees, his breathing became stertorous, and in his dreams, we gathered from his mumbling very rapidly part of the famous Gettysburg speech (" Itisforustobeherededicatedtothe greattaskremainingbeforeus . . ."), he was Honest Abe Lincoln taking the field against Johnny Reb and giving those durned Suth'ners hell. A choke and a snort, and he was Little Nell (we gathered) dying in a pink spotlight to slow music. Then having said " Adsum " as, apparently, Colonel Newcome, he woke and said he was thirsty, complained of the strange wild Nottingham faces, and called angrily for his valet. We then led him away. What a man ! What an enigma ! Fifty personalities in one, and every one a pippin.

Hooey Corner

THE exhibition of modern British silverwork at Goldsmiths' Hall struck us as a wee bit chilly. The boys had turned out a lot of superfine craftsmanship—Mr. Dobson's " Cup of Majesty," for example, and Professor Gleadowe's rosewater dish and covered beaker for Corpus Christi, Cambridge—but a lot of it seemed rather arty and self-conscious and " functional." The work of Lamerie and Cellini and the mediæval chaps who built those big silver *nefs* for table use is equally functional but, in our mousy view, more human. The prevailing chatter about functionalism generally connoting bleakness or ugliness, is mostly pishposh, and due to the curious modern belief that nobody on earth was clever till now. We sometimes ask the functionalist boys if the exquisite damascening on the armour made for the Emperor Charles V. by German smiths, and now (or at least formerly) in the Armeria at Madrid, makes it any less functional. Their answers are generally involved and often piffling.

Another example of true functionalism is the type of Hebridean cottage certain fusspots want to get rid of, replacing it naturally by something hideous and inept. For centuries the Hebridean has built to ensure the maximum of human comfort in a wild, bleak, roaring, windswept, spray-drenched, storm-tossed world. Hence those immensely thick walls. Hence the presence of the family cow under the same cosy roof. You don't know what comfort is till you 've got a cow in the house, and it 's good for our dumb friend too. Give the poor old cow a chance can't ya—as the sailor cried in the Portsmouth music-hall.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" I didn't quite catch what you said about the law of gravity, Sir "

Films of the Day

A Mass-produced Model Fails

By George Campbell

All large film studios are, in a sense, factories; and it is a logical result of the factory system that once you make a successful model, you go on reproducing it. Hence this craze for crazy comedy. Somebody with humour and courage took a chance with *Three-Cornered Moon*, which scored a bull's-eye with the critics; and then another producer rang the box-office bell with *My Man Godfrey*, with William Powell at his superb best as the butler and Carole Lombard as the maddest of a lunatic family. Ever since then the Hollywood studios have been trying to give us still crazier people in still more impossible situations, and I, for one, am ceasing to be amused. Tay Garnett is a clever director, Irene Dunne is a charming comedienne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is an actor with intelligence and style; but the fact remains that the week's only new film, *The Joy of Living*, is stereotyped and tiresome, and calculated to make most people very depressed indeed.

In the circumstances it might be more profitable to talk of something else—of Hollywood happenings, for instance, as revealed by my corps of secret agents. It will take a load off your mind, to begin with, when I say that America's long-drawn agony over the casting of *Gone With the Wind* is over. No novel in history has sold like Margaret Mitchell's: its sales, at ten shillings a copy, have long since passed the million. Its characters have been discussed and wrangled about so long, and newspapers all over the country have played up the controversy so sensationally that the casting of the film became an issue dividing friends and setting brother against sister. Now, as I say, it is settled. After considering Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, Errol Flynn and Spencer Tracy—this last a very odd choice, I should have thought—Mr. Selznick has given the rôle of the dashing, unscrupulous Rhett Butler to Clark Gable, who has always been the choice of most fans.

For the Southern spitfire—"charged with electricity and possessed of the devil"—the producer considered or actually tested Janet Gaynor (of all people), Miriam Hopkins (who has, at least, the advantage of being a Southerner), Tallulah Bankhead (daughter of a senator from Alabama), Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, Margaret Sullavan, Paulette Goddard (whose career so far has been limited to the part of leading lady in Chaplin's silent *Modern Times*), Margaret Tallichet (a stenographer), Arleen Whelan (a manicurist), and two or three belles from way down South. The one essential quality, it seemed, apart from ability to suggest enormous charm, a villainous temper and incipient nymphomania, was a convincing Southern accent. So Mr. Selznick has chosen Norma Shearer, a Canadian. You and I may not notice the difference, but several million fans south of the Mason and Dixon line will probably feel much as we did when Clark Gable played Parnell.

Now the excitement is all over, and Americans can go back to work with an easier mind. Their reactions, according to a painstaking New York survey, range from the ecstatic "Isn't he wonderful and virile!" (Ann Altman, of 1067, Park Avenue), "Miss Shearer's too series, but I thing Gable is wonderful" (Miss Kathryn A. Bagley, 2015, Foster Avenue), to the slightly offhand, "It doesn't make any difference to me" (Peggy Shearer, 71, 35th Avenue, Jackson Heights), and the downright critical, "Aw, they're both a couple of hams. I could lick either one of them with one hand tied behind my back. Bring me Joe Louis" (Tony Galento).

Samuel Goldwyn is in the news again, this time over his plan to film *The Exiles*, the story of an Austrian Jew's flight to America. Pressure was brought to bear on him from almost every quarter. Other producers told him the story was too flagrantly propagandist. Distributors of American films abroad warned him that the production would cause ill-feeling, and that totalitarian countries would not only stand together, but would bring pressure on countries friendly to them to ban it too. Two famous stars refused rôles, I cannot quite see why; and of the writers approached, only the English I. A. R. Wylie consented to take part. The Hays censorship organisation passed the story in principle, but objected to the hero's entry into the U.S.A. with a forged passport. In the end, Mr. Goldwyn, in effect, repeated his classic, "Gentlemen, include me out"; and at the moment it's any odds the picture will never see the light of day.

Last, a bouquet for Hollywood, from Jacques Deval, who has written good plays, like *Tovarich*, and made good films, like *Club de Femmes*: "Hollywood leads the world of motion-pictures to-day. This superiority can be traced back to the English drama, for the cinema derives from the stage, and, in my opinion, is an extension of the stage. The greatest English dramatist of them all, Shakespeare, was a great cameraman. He visualised his action with the trained and observant eye of a photographer who is able to perceive an object from any distance and angle he wishes. Shakespeare's plays are screen-plays. They go everywhere, move freely, develop their story through many scenes. Such plays as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are natural material for the screen." All of which is very just and true, except that (a) the best films are being made in France; (b) Shakespeare's plays are cinematically mobile only because he used no scenery and appealed to the mind instead of the eye; and (c) *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has already been filmed by Warners' and proved one of the most spectacular flops in history.

Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks Jnr., in "Joy of Living"

The would-be-crazy comedy of stage life which was at the Regal last week is reviewed rather sourly by Mr. Campbell on this page. Gene Towne and Graham Baker wrote it, Tay Garnett directed

1938
DUNLOP
30 YEARS OF GROWTH

Had it not been for John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre in 1888, even man's conquest of the air might have been long delayed. It was the DUNLOP tyre which made possible every form of smooth, swift progress on the ground or off it. More than that, DUNLOP Landing Tyres have contributed materially to the progressive development of aviation. Trust yourself only to the first and still foremost of all tyres — DUNLOP.

C.F.H.

IN GUIANA ONE DRINKS PIWARRI .*.

...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* Indian tribes of the Arowack, Acoway and the Caribs hollow out the trunk of a large tree into which they grate cassava root, making a very potent, sour, fermented liquor called piwarri. Closing time at the local tree finds Schweppes in great demand—as an antidote to "evil spirits," so to speak

WHEREVER YOU ARE ... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Anne Paget—Debutante of 1938

Every year half-a-dozen star debutantes emerge from the several hundreds who chatter and laugh their way through the dances, cocktail parties, girls' lunches, charity balls, Ascot, Wimbledon, and Lord's of the unvarying season. Anne Paget was among the "selected" from the start, because she is so pretty, attractive and gay. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton, and a cousin of the Paget twins, Mamaine and Celia Mary, who came out three years ago. She was presented at one of last week's Courts. Her parents gave their big annual party on Monday "to meet Mr. C. B. Cochran and his Young Ladies." With the right weather it is one of the best parties of the summer, with bathing, dancing and tennis from three until seven in the lovely Ibstock Place garden

With the Services:

(No. 16) The Bren Gun

The Bren gun has morally dominated Bisley this year. As it is to be the standard equipment for British infantry from henceforth, many have seen in it the doom of the rifle. Even denials of this admit that the rifle will largely be of use only to scouts and sharp-shooters in future. So a great advance takes place in the modern tendency to make each man capable of spurting more lead at the enemy, the tendency to make hand-to-hand fighting impossible. The Bren gun, seven pounds lighter than the Lewis, is of Czecho-slovakian (Skoda) design, bought by us, perfected, now manufactured at Enfield

In defence *(left) the Bren gun is mounted on a tripod (28 lb.) and the gunner has a number two who fills the spare magazine arc (30 rounds) and snaps it into place. There is also a spare barrel which can be instantly fitted when the one in use becomes too hot. (At night you can see hard-firing Brens glowing.)*

Against aeroplanes *(right) the fore-leg of the tripod is swung up into the air and the gun affixed; a leg is then added to the remaining two legs. This does not take very long*

In attack *(below) the Bren gun is very mobile (22 lb.) and can be operated by one man, with little loss of time at changing magazine or barrel. Calibre, ·303; maximum efficiency, 450 r.p.m.; average, 120 r.p.m.*

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Eugénie Delarova as La Bouquetière

Below: Frederick Franklin as Le Baron, Nina Tarakanova as La Gantière

Irène Fabergé as La Cantinière,
Mia Slavenska as La Gantière

Below: Leonide Massine as Le Péruvien, Mia

"Gaité Parisienne"

A New Massine Ballet at Drury Lane

So, after all, London sees the new Massine ballets and the company about which such endless rumours have gone to and fro in the last months. The season opened at Drury Lane last night with the Beethoven Seventh Symphony in the programme. To-morrow night *Gaité Parisienne* will be given for the first time. It is set to Offenbach's music, a gay flirtatious affair, with droll and tender and boisterous moments, and a bright fantasy of décor and dresses by Count Etienne de Beaumont. Nina Tarakanova created the chief role with great success in Monte Carlo, later alternating with Mia Slavenska, then a guest artist and now again with the company. Massine has the chief comic, Franklin the chief romantic, role. Roudenko, a young member of the company, shows her vivaciousness, fouettés and pirouettes in the Can-Can. Irène Fabergé, in her very early teens, is the baby of the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Anthony

Lubov Roudenko is the Leading Can-Can Girl

Mia Slavenska as La Gantière

Below: Nina Tarakanova as La Gantière, the Role She Created in Monte Carlo

Famous Women

Six Characters from "Myself When Young"

Lady Oxford is responsible, as editor, for this book, *Myself When Young*. She says in her foreword: "I have tried to get women of influence and achievement to write of their youth," and the result is a widely varied collection of essays on the early life and outlook of fifteen of the most interesting women of the day. How five of them introduce the subject of themselves when young can be seen from the quotations under their portraits published here. The sixth, Lady Oxford herself, writes a brief introduction before she comes to the words quoted from her essay, which is as witty, provocative, generous and critical (about herself as about others) as her *Autobiography*, and these sentences reveal her. *Myself When Young* is published by Frederick Muller, Ltd.

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith

"How few of my sex can answer satisfactorily the question: 'Qu'as tu fait . . . de ta jeunesse?' Without boasting, I can answer with alacrity. There is nothing which I have not done with my youth. I have valued it from the first hour of my consciousness, encouraged and exploited it, and it is with me to-day"

A. Maude Royden, C.H., D.D.

"'Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and About it and about: but evermore Came out by the same Door as in That is not true of me. I did frequent doctor and saint so far as I was able, but and, though often too idle to profit by it and often altogether baffled by life's the door of one temple it did sometimes lead me to a nobler door and gave

Ellen Wilkinson, M.A., M.P.

" There was nothing in the least romantic about my early youth. I can't even claim to have been misunderstood. My family understood me only too well. Just one of tens of thousands of working-class children playing in the streets of Manchester towards the end of last century "

Irene Vanbrugh

" My day nursery was in the Vicarage of Heavitree, near Exeter—a large square room on the first floor looking out on to a cobble courtyard with the pump in the corner conveniently near the back door, from which was drawn all the water for the house. Old-fashioned? Yes, but a period I love, and to which I belong more than I do to the present day "

Photographs by Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

heard great Argument
I went.' (Omar Khayyám)
I believe I learned much from some of them perplexities, I believe that when I have tried me light enough to see and go through it "

The Baroness von Hutten

" ' Myself when Young ! ' What a delightful subject for an old woman, but what a difficult subject, and how full of pitfalls ! How hard it will be to look back and see one's succeeding years divested of the rosy and silvery veils that persist in dimming them to one's partial eyes ; how difficult it will be to set down, about those loved and pitied selves, the plain and unornamented truth "

Sylvia Pankhurst

" ' Life is nothing without enthusiasms.' My father's frequent exhortation, always to me intensely true, rings in my thoughts, across near forty years ; and that other yet more heartfelt plea . . . : ' If you do not work for others you will not have been worth the upbringing ' "

Animal Portraits: No. 5. A Spaniel Begging

At Tennis Parties you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake is the Man's cigarette that Women like

AN EVENING at WHITE CITY

A series of paintings by GILBERT HOLIDAY

No. 3. AT THE FINISHING POST

Eight times during your evening at White City, the thrill of greyhound racing reaches its climax at the finishing post. Each race on the card is a self-contained 30-second drama!

From your dinner-table in the great glass-enclosed grandstand restaurant you have watched the greyhounds break from the trap — hit the first bend at 40 miles per hour — streak down the back straight and round the final bends to flash into the home stretch. Racing greyhounds at full speed—beautiful to watch in grace and control.

Now—neck and neck — they race in a desperate finish . . . . hard to say which is the winner as they flash over the line and the roar of the crowd dies to an expectant murmur. But the judge knows. With micrometer-like precision his eye picks out the places. Numbers appear instantly on the results board—a green light controlled from the stewards' box flashes O.K.

The end of an unequalled half-minute-thrill—a greyhound race at White City!

"Bystander" Short Story, No. 147

Turnabout

By Loretta Burrough

Illustrations by Clark Fay

PAULA looked around her at the living-room. Gloss of books reaching brightly to the ceiling, white chromium circles of modern lamps, chrysanthemums a golden-butter colour against dark mahogany, wall of windows that framed the black wintry

There was nothing left of the small-town girl—nothing at all

tide of the East River. Kitty—Mrs. Philip Brewster—was going to be impressed. Her mean, cheating little soul was going to be impressed.

In the long, extravagant hall outside, the elevators were buzzing up and down like giant bees. Any moment now one would let Kitty out at this floor, her eyes bright and sharp. Her neat little heels would click-clack down the corridor; a red-lacquered finger-tip would push this bell.

Paula crossed to the frameless, great square block of mirror above the white fireplace and looked deep into it. There was nothing left of the small-town girl—nothing at all. She was glad she had taken the hairdresser's suggestion this morning; the new hair-do suited her. Beneath its dark, smooth waves her eyes had a triumphant topaz shine. The ermine wrap flung across a russet chair looked like a deep white snowfall. *Ermine!* Kitty would tell herself, stunned.

Paula wiped a chilly damp from the palms of her hands and took a long, slow breath; she had heard the elevator door-snicker shut. Standing very still, she waited until the bell gave its discreet, muffled drone, and then, shaping her mouth into a smile, went to the door and opened it.

It was Kitty all right, dressed in Cobesville's best and most expensive: small, thin body like a spear, bright-beaded evening-bag clutched in one hand.

"Kitty!" Paula cried. They embraced. "It's been years, hasn't it?" Five years and three days, to be exact; Paula had left Cobesville at that desolate moment when she had at last realised Kitty had tricked Philip away from her, for ever. "We have just time for a cocktail. Now tell me——"

Paula mixed the drinks, shaking the cool, frosted container in cold hands. She knew as they talked that Kitty's greenish eyes were pricing her, the ermine wrap, the apartment, with a stony bewilderment.

"You've done well, Paula," she said, gazing into her glass. "In spite of your letters, back in Cobesville nobody really——" She stopped, and Paula could see Kitty's little mind working: she wasn't lying, after all. She makes me and Cobesville look like nothing. But I have her Philip, and I have his child—she wanted him too much ever to marry any other man. She'll be just a rich old maid.

"Yes, I've done very well," Paula said lightly. But her heart for a moment seemed to hang above a glassy abyss, remembering that this little rack of smooth bones and painted face possessed Philip.

"You don't mind giving up so much—marriage, motherhood?" Kitty rolled the round, bland words like butter off her tongue, happy again.

"I live alone and like it," Paula said. "We'll have to hurry. A friend of mine's taking us to the theatre and a couple of night-clubs."

"Oh!" Kitty said, impressed once more.

Slipping into the smooth, heavy sleekness of the ermine wrap, Paula could almost hear Kitty's brain churning angrily: So she's got over Philip? Or has she?

"WE *are* late," Paula said, as the cab slewed in to the kerb. The theatre lobby seemed to cast towards them across the frozen sidewalk a brazier-heat of electric bulbs. It was deserted except for one tall, silk-hatted young man who stared at photographs of the cast.

"You took your time, my pet," he said as their high heels drummed across the patterned tile. "Two hours more and I might have gone home." But his eyes, staring at Paula, had the warm, personalised look of a man in love.

"Kitty," Paula said, "I want you to meet my fiancé, Stephen Curtis. Steve, this is Mrs. Brewster, from my home town."

Stephen's eyes slid towards Kitty politely, but they seemed to decide after a moment that she was small-town. His casual, uninterested "How do you do?" said so too.

"How do you do?" Kitty replied, her voice uncertain. And then to Paula, with a whispered gush, "Why didn't you tell me? I never——"

"I wanted it to be a surprise." She took Kitty's elbow kindly. "Like him?"

Kitty stared at him, giving their tickets to the man at the box. He looked brilliant, commanding, like a king incognito. Paula knew Kitty was weighing him against Philip's ugly, strong face, stocky body, shy manners. "He's got what it takes," Kitty said. And her lips moved as though a hand had taken them by their painted edges and plucked downwards.

AFTER the theatre they went to three night-clubs before Paula was sure Kitty had a grand enough memory to take back to Cobesville. A killing memory of Paula and the beautiful things that belonged to Paula.

They took Kitty in a cab to her hotel, and got out themselves. "The apartment's so near—we'll walk," Paula said. "I do hope you've had a nice time, Kitty."

"Marvellous!" Kitty's pale, pointed little face peered at them. But her eyes under the stark street light did not reflect a marvellous time—they looked stripped.

"Give Philip my best," Paula said. Funny that she could say that so casually when she meant, Give him my love for ever. "Remember me to everyone in Cobesville."

"I will," Kitty said. "Good-bye, Mr. Curtis. It was nice meeting you."

"Nice meeting *you*," Stephen said indifferently. Kitty's staccato heels clicked into the hotel.

Slowly they strolled off down the street. Stephen pushed his hat back on his head, rubbed with one finger at the pink streak it left, and then thrust his hands into his pockets. "She'll have a tale to tell Wibbleville, or whatever it is."

"You don't know women," Paula said. "She'll never say one word. But it'll be gall and wormword in her heart for ever."

He looked at her, smiling. "No, I don't know women," he said.

"They can be pretty decent. It was the head of the advertising agency where I work who lent me this regalia and her apartment." Mrs. Ames had come in and found Paula weeping like an infant because her lies had caught up with her at last in the person of the visiting Kitty. "And she sent me to her own hairdresser."

"She might better have sent you to soak your head in a bucket."

"No," Paula said. "I'd rather be by myself"

"No." The dry, bitter cold air filled Paula's veins like wine. "I won't have a new winter coat this year, and I'll have to cut out lunches for months, but it was worth it. Did I give you enough?"

He plucked two envelopes from his pocket and peered into them. "Twenty-five to the Friend-Escort and me for my services; seventy-five for the jamboree. You get back two-fifty change. Thanks—this'll help with the baby's tonsils." He yawned sleepily. "Now I'll walk you home."

"No," Paula said, as she dropped the change into the little evening-bag that lay on her palm like a golden fish. "I'd rather be by myself." Her eyes were shining.

"Good-night, then." He stared after her for a moment before he shrugged his shoulders and went in the opposite direction, leaving her alone to confound rambling policemen with her beautiful finery, her proud, straight stride, her air of a Princess come back from magnificent adventure.

THE END.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Marx, Music, and the Main Chance

By V. S. Pritchett

THE ear-splitting "I-I-I-I" of the grasshoppers is now in full stridulation on the pines and telegraph-poles of southern countries—an autobiographer to every yard of road, and scores more waiting in the thicket. It is a manifestation of the herd instinct. His fellow's screech starts irresistible and delicious internal vibrations in the grasshopper, and these set him off in turn; so that the shrilling of his first person singular is merely the note of an automatic telephone-exchange. The mass of literary autobiographers seem to me the same. The first person singular abounds, but where is the singular first person?

Mr. Orioli is one. Under the misleading title of *The Adventures of a Bookseller* (Chatto and Windus; 12*s.* 6*d.*), there is concealed one of the little classics of our time. For Mr. Orioli is a most singular person. If he had never moved out of the sausage-shop in Bologna where he spent his childhood; if he had never nailed a donkey's head on the church gate, or become a barber; if he had never been pursued by amorous middle-aged ladies in Italy, by clergy in London, sung in the streets, carted vegetables and finally learned from the dusty lunatics of Charing Cross Road the trade and passion of book collecting, he would still have written an individual book. The adventures count, but character counts even more. Mr. Orioli has the natural, amoral, child-like candour of the picaresque heroes. Here, being an Italian with the naïve but shrewd tradition of Cellini in his blood, he has the advantage of all our frank writers who end by confusing candour with exhibitionism, self-hatred, or self-pity. Mr. Orioli, honest man, is pleased with himself. He is as pleased with his unedifying adventures as he is with the innocent; indeed, he is innocent in everything from the time when he cut the webs of a duck's foot so that it could walk better, onwards. And, since he was poor, he developed a delightful eye for the main chance—a theme for which English writers have lost their sensibility. Mr. Orioli's book is full of extraordinary lives and characters, which appear vividly in his clear and simple pages in all the improbability and distress of human nature, like the figures in some ribald fairy-story. And the story comes full circle when, in later years, he makes a pious pilgrimage to the asylum where he would have been born if a mouse had not run up his mother's leg at dinner one day and shocked her into her right mind. *The Adventures of a Bookseller*, like Davies's *Super Tramp*, is one of the minor masterpieces.

MR JOSEPH FREEMAN, whose *American Testament* (Gollancz; 16*s.*) made such an impression upon the American Writers' Congress, is a man with a mission who has been "saved" by Communism. After getting one's breath back, one should take the cure with *My Life as a Rebel*, by Angelica Balabanoff (Hamilton; 10*s.* 6*d.*), a leader in the pre-war second international, who worked with Mussolini before he turned his coat, and knew Lenin well. One might call the two books *Before* and *After*; for Mme. Balabanoff, though none the less a revolutionary, believes the present régime in Moscow has betrayed the cause of human emancipation, while Mr. Freeman is in the flush of conversion. Mr. Freeman is concerned with himself as a writer. A Polish Jew who left the mediæval Ukraine before the war at the age of seven, he landed in New York, went through the mill of Americanisation, became a journalist and joined the exiles in Paris; and so, via what is called futilitarianism, Freud, free love, and Socialism, he went to Moscow and in 1927 was converted. There, alas! his book stops. His book is an intelligent diagnosis of his own intellectual phases and those of his period, a task Wells tried in his autobiography. There is no doubt that the fantastic corruption, the savage beatings, riots, machine-gunnings, police and business intrigues blatantly conducted, give a dramatic and revolutionary quality to the American scene; and Marxism there can find the crude analogies which its dramatic nature demands. Yet for all Mr. Freeman's unremitting brilliance and an interest in human beings (as distinct from humanity), unusual in a Marxist, he is arguing a too familiar case. And while one may agree that the world is going through one of the major transformations of history in our generation, Mr. Freeman's reduction of everything to terms of his own political dogma limits him to a single strata of experience. I would have thought that his criticism at one stage of the bourgeois (sic) Freud, i.e., that at the end of the analysis you have only been analysed and are still left to face the major problems of life, was also true for creative writers who have accepted the Marxist genealogy. Still, he is sympathetic; and about that extraordinary parrot-house of bogus writers and painters—nice people most of them, and innocent was not the word!—who became one of the tourist sights in the Montparnasse of the 'twenties, he is informative. Though, like all Americans, who seem to live in a veritable *Who's Who* of brotherhood and sisterhood, he is apt guilelessly to exaggerate the interest and importance of his own friends to other people.

The Shell Exhibition

Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., held a party to open an exhibition at Shell-Mex House of original drawings for their advertisements in the past four years. Two guests were Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Bentley. Mr. Bentley's Shell series "Some Phrases Seldom Ring True" is still running. He is publishing a new book called "Gammon and Espionage"

"WINKLES AND CHAMPAGNE," by M. Willson Disher (Batsford; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a delightful anecdotal history of the only vital side of the dying English theatre. The music-hall, and even the more respectable variety performance introduced by Stoll, is our only surviving popular art. A great deal has changed since the days when the pubs added music-halls to their bars, and the bottles had to be chained to the trays, to prevent them being thrown at the performers. The artists who washed down the winkles with the champagne were out for a short life and a gay one; but they had the phenomenal piety of the profession. "Act on the Square, Boys, Act on the Square" they sang; and the terrific Bessie Bellwood, whose language could reduce a coal-heaver to appalled silence, once knocked a cabman out in the Tottenham Court Road—but after a four-hours' talk with Cardinal Manning. The life-stories of Little Tich, Dan Leno, Marie Lloyd are here, and so, though with less spirit, are our contemporaries'. The prints are engrossing, and Mr. Disher has the subject at his finger-tips.

This England . . .

The mist on Exmoor

IN 862, Swithun, tutor of kings and bishop of Winchester, being in years, commanded that his bones be laid under the vault of heaven rather than beneath a roof. Yet later, when his name was sanctified, this was felt to be unseemly and a transfer was decreed. But upon the day set apart it rained with such violence and so continued that the project was abandoned in fear. Down through history has the legend held of St. Swithin and the forty days of rain. And if you, who also love the vault of heaven, are caught by the rain that so often follows the summer solstice, remember another English saw—no harm comes of a sodden coat if you have great ale to stay you. And the great ale, like the legend, is with us still. They call it Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Golf Clubs at Home

Southerndown, Glamorgan

The Southerndown Golf Club, near Bridgend, is about halfway between Cardiff and Swansea. Although the course lies on a bold down a mile inland, it has most of the features of a seaside course. The Club was founded in 1905 and alterations have been made several times since then. The total length is something over 6500 yards

(1) T. G. Bonnyman (captain). (2) David Llewellyn (vice-captain), H. Gard (committee), and Len Morgan. (3) G. W. Benyon (secretary). (4) S. F. Healing (professional). (5) J. T. Howell (committee). (6) Dapho-Powell (committee). (7) Dr. Garfield Evans. (8) J. E. Story (committee). (9) W. H. Yeo (committee), S. Murray (committee), Dr. R. Walker, B. E. Howe, A. King Davies. (10) W. A. Williams J. A. Alexander (trustees)

A View of the Club-house

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Start of the Open Championship

As I write, only the qualifying rounds and the first round of the Open Championship have been played; 120 players qualified with scores of 157 or better, and with hardly an exception all those who were expected to qualify did so.

Everyone, I am sure, was pleased to see James Braid qualify once more. Braid is now in his sixty-ninth year, and has got to an age when he himself cares little whether he qualifies or not. In 1922 he certainly did want to qualify. I can still see him, when he was on the border-line, tramping up and down in front of the club-house of the Royal St. George's G.C., awaiting his fate. In the end he qualified on that occasion, with a little to spare.

It was also nice to see Fred Robson qualify again. Robson nowadays is so busy giving lessons that he has little time for play. It says much for his sound style and knowledge of the game that he can still compete with the best golfers in the world. Robson was in a precarious position when he took 80 strokes to hole the course of the Royal St. George's G.C. on the first day, but his 76 on the more difficult course of Prince's G.C. made him safe.

It was freely prophesied that 156 would qualify for the Championship proper. This year, not more than 130 players could qualify, and in the event of a tie all those who tied for the 130th place were not eligible. Not more than forty players were allowed to continue play on the Friday, the last day, and again all those who tied for the fortieth place were eliminated. These conditions are considered by the majority of the players themselves and of the golfing public to be an improvement on the conditions of former years.

The total prize-money is only £500, but the winner is the Champion Golfer of the year, and receives the Championship Gold Medal. This does appear, at first sight, a very worthy prize for the winning of the most important golf tournament in the world. It is not the prize-money which makes every professional golfer most eager to win the Open Championship, but the fact that the Champion Golfer for the year can make a tremendous sum of money by other means.

Several competitors, including some Americans, did not scratch officially, and consequently were disqualified for not being present when their names were called on the first tee, and nearly all of them had, apparently, no intention of playing, and knew, many days before play started, that they would not be present. It is certainly, to say the least, most inconsiderate, both to the committee in charge of the Championship, and to the players with whom they are drawn, not to intimate that they would not be playing. I wonder what Gene Sarazen and Lawson Little would say if they arrived on the first tee and found they had no one to play with. I feel sure they would complain bitterly at being kept waiting while someone was found to play round with them. Besides the Open Championship, entrants in both the English and Amateur Championships failed to turn up, spoilt the day of their opponents, and put them to the expense of paying their caddies for a full day for merely appearing on the first tee for a few minutes.

There were some very good rounds in the qualifying rounds, and also some not so good, and some very far from good. John Fallon, of the Huddersfield G.C., led the qualifiers with rounds of 69 at Royal St. George's and 73 at Prince's. I do not remember an assistant leading the qualifiers before. Cotton was second with 72 at St. George's and 71 at Prince's, and appeared to be on good terms with himself and his golf. A. D. Locke, who was a member of the South African team of amateur golfers who toured this country last summer, and is now a professional golfer, was one stroke more, and did a 69 at St. George's. Dai Rees also tied for the third place, and had a most extraordinary round of 71 at St. George's: he had a terrific disaster at the Canal Hole, and took eight strokes to it, but he then showed what a wonderful temperament he has for the game by finishing better than perfectly in 4, 3, 3, 4. The fact of taking eight strokes to one hole is likely to put the most placid person off; that it made absolutely no difference whatsoever to Rees is greatly to his credit, especially as he is still very young, which may possibly be an advantage when disasters are met with on the golf-course.

In my opinion, the best round of the lot in the qualifying stages was the 70 by R. W. Hattersley, a member of the Australian team which is touring this country, who, after beating me, went a very long way, as you might expect, in the Amateur Championship at Troon this year. Hattersley did his 70 at Prince's on the Tuesday, and was out in rainstorms and squalls.

The bad scores and bad holes are, even in competitions of this sort, more interesting than the good scores, which are returned so often, and generally so easily, that they become dull and ordinary. R. A. Whitcombe, who is playing with Cotton in the big challenge match against the South Africans, A. D. Locke and S. F. Brews, managed to take no fewer than 84 shots to hole the course at Prince's. I do not suppose that Whitcombe himself can remember when he last took as many shots as this for eighteen holes. Strangely enough, he did not play very badly, but everything went against him, and when he went into trouble he found some really dreadful places. His brother Charles was also not certain to qualify after he had taken 80 to hole the course at St. George's.

It is a pity that this year, like in 1934, so many rainstorms and squalls have been experienced. The luck of not striking them may turn the tide in favour of a man who would not otherwise have won. The continual rainstorms made the greens soft and consequently play easy in the calm periods.

Three Walker Cup players who were watching their rivals for the Open Championship were James Bruen, Frank Pennink, and Alec Hill. Pennink was the only one to play in the Friday rounds

Two cheerful players at Sandwich, at least when this was taken, were Douglas Grant and Henry Cotton. Grant, who finished on Thursday among the 161s, was explaining something to the holder

One pipe-smoking player was Cyril Tolley, who reached the final round with the best amateur score of 145

An Affair of Charity at Moor Park—Lady Brecknock's Golf Party for the Children's Country Holiday Fund

Mrs. Iain Murray and Lady Knollys were two entries for the tournament that Lady Brecknock runs annually (this was the third) for the Children's Country Holiday Fund. There are more pictures on page 80

Miss Pauline Winn, one of this year's debutantes, is with Miss Kay Stammers who must find golf a good, peaceful tonic after Wimbledon. She had played in exhibition matches at Lady Crosfield's tennis party the day before the Moor Park "do"

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell and her M.P. husband were also competing. Her umbrella-pleated skirt was a good golf fashion note, as neat as easy to walk in

Golf At Its Most Social

After a Le Touquet Lunch

Miss Marye Pole-Carew sat outside the Hermitage after lunch with Mr. John Gretton who brought a party over for the day on his yacht. He is Col. John Gretton's son

It was hot enough for some Le Touquet golfers to peter out towards the swimming-pool about mid-day. In this lot on the right are Mr. Lionel Stone, Mr. and Mrs. John Hopwood who were married in May (she was Catherine Graham Hutchinson), Mrs. Graham Scott, Mrs. Goukassow, Lord Cecil Douglas

Commended for Neatness

Lady O'Neill's pleated skirt, belted cardigan, sweater and cap were a model of neatness for cool summer golf. And sh plays a good game to match

After a Le Touquet Bathe

The Organiser Looks Around

Lady Brecknock, here with Mr. Tony Havelock Allan, organised an excellent in-aid-of in her Moor Park tournament. She is, incidentally, holder, with Mrs. Idina Mills, of the "Bystander" Roehampton Autumn Foursomes

The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth

The chairman of Associated Newspapers was caught in the middle of a blink and just before a practice round for the Buck's Club tournament at Le Touquet. He is the father of debutante Lorna Harmsworth

Mr. Miller and Mr. Wilson

Gilbert Miller, presenter of plays, and Robin Wilson, husband of the former Lady Jersey, were seen by daylight and by casino-light throughout the Buck's week-end. Here the afternoon sun illuminates them on the Hermitage steps

Trouser Aspects—Mrs. Kenneth Wagg

Mrs. Wagg's wide blue trousers were quite regulation; her printed blouse is very 1938. She and her husband and the John Muskers made a Buck's week-end quartet

—The Aga Khan, A Style of His Own

The Aga Khan is sure of his public when he plays hot-weather golf—no photographer can resist the turned-up trousers, the boots, the hat, the whole unique style

—And Miss Profumo, Very Sporting

Miss Elizabeth Profumo was another of the decorations of Le Touquet during the Buck's Club tournament. By day she took on a trim, workmanlike attitude to life

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

THE summer sports season has really passed its peak. Henley, Wimbledon, and the Open Golf Championship are now all matters of history.

We have, it 's true, the A.A.A. Championships at the White City next Saturday, which promise to be extremely interesting, and cricket continues to hold our attention to a remarkable degree.

To-day many of us will have travelled down from the Third Test match at Manchester to see Frank Woolley leading the Players against the Gentlemen at Lord's.

It is a pity that this game, regarded by the true enthusiast as the greatest match of the year, should follow on immediately after the rigours of Old Trafford. It must inevitably be something of an anticlimax, and I cannot believe that the England players engaged in it will approach it with much enthusiasm.

Let us, at any rate, celebrate the fact that Woolley, in his fifty-second year, is captaining the Players, a fitting climax to a great career.

IT is impossible to enumerate Woolley's triumphs as a batsman, a bowler and a wonderful slip fielder. He began playing first-class cricket in 1906, and up to the beginning of this season he had scored 57,379 runs for an average of 41·1 ; and he had taken 2040 wickets for 19·96 runs apiece, and made 890 catches.

These figures alone are formidable enough. But statistics cannot begin to suggest Woolley's quality as a cricketer, or his true place in the history of the game.

For many of us, all the beauty of cricket is caught and made concrete in an hour of Woolley's batting. It is sad, indeed, to think that, after this summer, we shall never again see that tall, slender figure at the wicket, and those superbly rhythmical, dominant strokes which have swept the greatest bowlers into mediocrity.

Woolley has expressed for us the real adventure of the game, which in more utilitarian players is too often concealed, and we owe him more, perhaps, than we can easily realise.

How pleasant it would be if in this match at Lord's he were to make a hundred—a feat which even in this autumn of his skill is not beyond him. The game, at all events, should be worth watching, for two strong sides have been chosen.

(Concluded on page 78)

Dene Place versus Horsley : Umpire, Players and Spectators

Mr. Dick Liddell, a neighbour of the host, umpired the annual cricket match at Dene Place between Mr. Eric Bowater's XI. and Horsley villagers. With him is Mr. Miles de Zoete, in a faded Eton Ramblers' blazer

Miss Lorna Henderson is standing between two Old Etonians, one late of the XI., one late of the Second XI. : Mr. Jock West and Mr. Nicholas Llewellyn-Davies. Jock West captained the Bowater XI.

The Winners of the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup

The Greys beat the 12th Lancers in the final of the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup. Their team was : Capt. Lord Roborough (4), No. 1 ; Capt. H. R. Mackeson (3), No. 2 ; Capt. R. L. Findlay (4), back ; Capt. Humphrey Guinness (8), No. 3

Beer for One and All

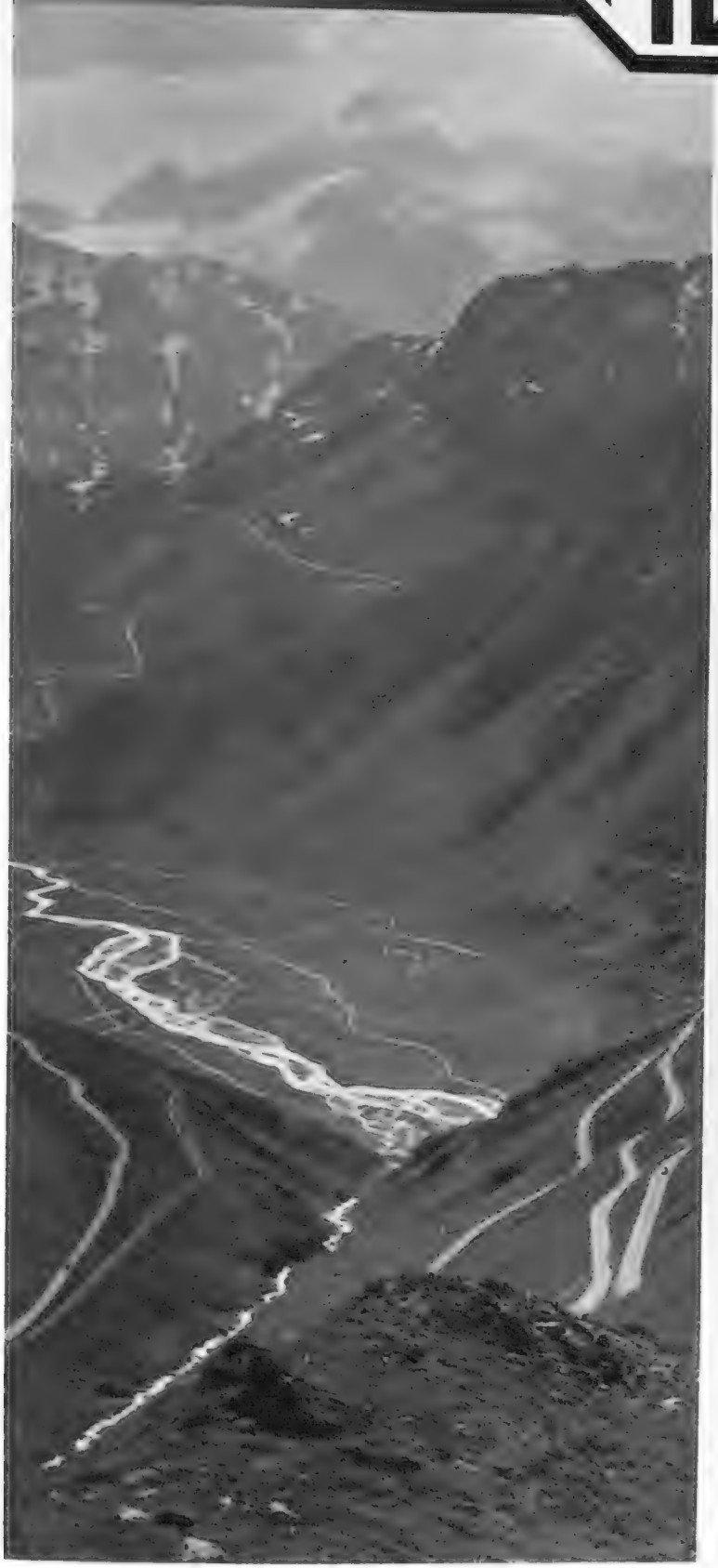
Was the maxim at the Bowater-Horsley cricket match. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy McAlpine, Mr. Eric Bowater, who didn't play, and Mrs. Charles Brutton. The Bowater side, made up of Etonians, Harrovians, I.Z.s, Hollywooders, and a County player, was well licked by the villagers

Below : Miss E. MacKay and Mrs. Bruce MacKay were photographed at the Royal Northern Yacht Club's regatta at Rothesay in their Dragon one-design Argee. These boats have proved very popular this year

In the Cockpit of a Dragon

SAFETY FAST!

MG



CECIL KIMBER

VISITS THE ALPS

"It was a grand opportunity for me when we were bringing out the new Two-litre — and later the 1½-litre. It gave me the excuse to take the 'dark horse' away on the Continent and to put it through its paces.

Switzerland is my happy testing ground. I recommend it for your next tour if you're looking for steep hills! Those mountain passes soon tell you if there's any tendency to overheating.

Some of the Black Forest roads, not to mention some of the off-the-beaten-track Dutch and Belgian pavé, are a good test of springs, whilst the new German Autobahnen will 'blow-up' any engine if it's at all that way inclined.

You may have read in the 'Autocar' of my trip when I was accompanied by the Editor of that paper. Although we were prepared for the worst, 'nowt 'appened' (as they say in Lancashire). Which proved the design was right anyway."

Cecil Kimber

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Going Up!

By Charles Ward

THE race for the King's Cup was a notable event. The weather was kind, and in consequence a very much larger crowd than usual assembled to cheer a popular winner, Alex Henshaw, who flew a "Mew Gull" at an average speed of 236 miles an hour. The handicappers, Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth, were handsomely beaten by a re-designed cowl, cockpit cover, spats and airscrew spinner, the main features which distinguished Henshaw's "Gull" from those flown by Guthrie, who was second, and the designer, Edgar Percival, who was sixth. Frank Halford had good reason to be proud of his "Gipsys," for every one ran without a fault, at full throttle during the 1000-mile test. Once again K.L.G. proved too good to miss. This was the seventeenth race, and the seventeenth occasion on which sparks have been provided from Putney Vale. The winner used Wakefield's Patent "Castrol" and Shell was the spirit that inspired him. Other highlights of the day were the superb cornering by Morton on the "Double Eagle," ably accompanied by Paddy Naismith—excellent arrangements for food and liquid refreshment; also the introduction of a new house-flag by Anglo and Vacuum. Intava's the name, which, if written in capital letters, is seen to consist of entirely straight lines. This may be important in the bush or the desert, when calling on the natives for fuel or oil. The word is also phonetic, easy to pronounce in any tongue, and easy to remember. The merging of the aviation interests of the Anglo-American for petrol and Vacuum for oil, will bring considerable advantages to engine designers and pilots alike. Standard grades will be sold throughout the world, and service will be improved accordingly.

Col. R. Smith-Barry, who founded the Gosport School of Special Flying in July 1917, explains a point to Mr. B. S. Smallman, Secretary of Brooklands Flying Club

FLYING history was recalled at Brooklands on Saturday last, when Col. Smith Barry was due to be the guest of honour at a dinner to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the Gosport School of Flying. In July 1917, the School opened with a fleet of Avro 504 K's, and a staff of instructors chosen for their skill in flying. Before this date, tuition had been carried out in a very haphazard way. Each instructor followed his own rules, and in consequence, very few got the benefit of the best system that could be evolved by pooling experience. The Avro was the most sensitive type in use, but far too many pilots were afraid to handle it. Colonel Smith Barry stopped the rot, and created a school where the Avro was tamed for the benefit of instructors who would pass on their training to those about to go to the Front. The method is the same as that used in the R.A.F. to-day, and Duncan Davis, himself one of the first to pass the Gosport course, had the happy thought of inviting Smith Barry and all old Gosportians to a party. Fort Grange Mess was reproduced in some detail, and the evening must have been a memorable occasion; though details are unavailable, because we go to press too soon to report it.

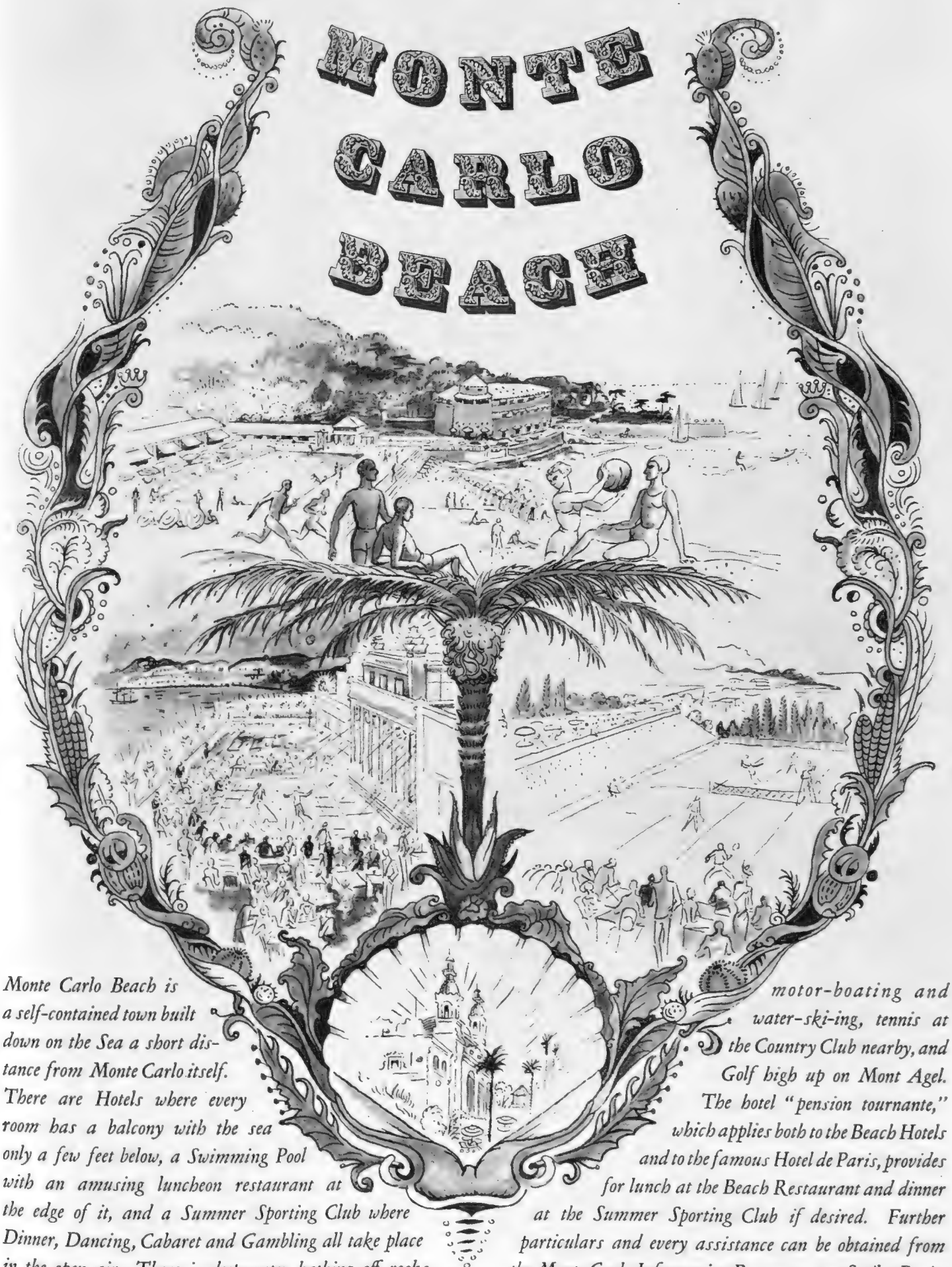
BOTH the Albatross and the Ensign, prototypes of their class, are in service for Imperial Airways, and the former is surprisingly roomy. Its slim lines give the impression of a confined space, which is not borne out when one is seated for the journey.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"It made my hair stand on end"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



Monte Carlo Beach is a self-contained town built down on the Sea a short distance from Monte Carlo itself. There are Hotels where every room has a balcony with the sea only a few feet below, a Swimming Pool with an amusing luncheon restaurant at the edge of it, and a Summer Sporting Club where Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret and Gambling all take place in the open air. There is deep-water bathing off rocks, motor-boating and water-ski-ing, tennis at the Country Club nearby, and Golf high up on Mont Agel. The hotel "pension tournante," which applies both to the Beach Hotels and to the famous Hotel de Paris, provides for lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting Club if desired. Further particulars and every assistance can be obtained from the Monte Carlo Information Bureau, 1, rue Scribe, Paris.

Breaking a 1905 Record

J. W. Burk, of the Penn Athletic Club, U.S.A., broke Kelly's 1905 record (equalled by Buhtz in 1934) with the help of a lively following breeze and his own original style. That he was sculling against time in the final, rather than against Habbitts, is shown by the stop-watch strapped to his stretcher

Trying to Become Open Golf Champion at Sandwich

W. T. Twine (Langley Park) and A. D. Locke (unattached, South Africa) were two would-be champions at Sandwich: Locke got into the ultimate struggle on Friday with 73+72=145; Twine missed it by seven strokes with 76+79=155

None of these three reached the final stage of the championship: Mr. C. C. Taylor (Kensington, South Africa) spoilt his chances by a first round of 82 and then added 77 to it to put him among the 159's; Mr. L. G. Crawley was nearer with 78+73=151; the third player is Mr. Harvey, Oxford and Cambridge

Summer Sport

(Continued from page 74)

DOUBTLESS the England selectors will take the opportunity of looking closely at such bowlers as Pollard of Lancashire and Peter Smith of Essex; and H. T. Bartlett of Sussex is having such a good season that he may persuade us to think that the race of great left-handers need not end with Woolley.

It is rash to assume anything about cricket, though I suppose we may fairly safely guess that by the time you read these notes the Third Test match will have petered out in a draw, unless rain has come to our rescue and made a decision possible.

The selectors apparently anticipated a draw, judging by the number of all-rounders they picked.

It is not the actual players who matter so much just now, but the preparation of wickets, as I have said before—and I mention it again because I fancy we may have some reasonably definite pronouncement on the subject before the season is out.

I SEE, by the way, that the National Boxing Association of America have issued their annual ranking list, in which Tony Galento, the Jersey Jolter, is placed second to Joe Louis in the list of world heavy-weights. Tommy Farr drops down to fourth, below Max Baer, which he will probably resent, with some justice.

As for Galento, he learned his fighting by slinging patrons out of his pub. The story that he trains on beer and cigars, oddly enough, is true. He is twenty-eight years of age, five feet and ten inches in height, circular in build, and weighs close on sixteen stone.

I am told that in this country he would rapidly be disqualified for butting, since his method of attack is the very simple one of coming in head down, with both fists flailing wildly. Not exactly a scientific fighter, this Tony Galento, but by all accounts a very awkward one, and I have reason to believe that the other heavy-weights are none too anxious to meet him.

I HAVE seen several knowledgeable folk who watched the Joe Louis-Schmeling fight, and all of them agree that Joe Louis that night was in a class by himself.

The speed and power of his punching were phenomenal, and his only trouble now is that, on this form, he is condemned to idleness, for people aren't going to pay prodigious prices to watch him smashing opponents within a minute or two of the first bell.

It is unlikely that Louis will fight again this year, since the demands of the Income Tax authorities would make it hardly worth while.

In the meantime, he is quite content with the three things that interest him in life, which are, they say, in order of preference, sleeping, fried chicken, and the company of his wife.

Making a Hundred and Twenty-two

P. A. Gibb, England's new wicket-keeper, celebrated his choice by making 122 for Cambridge in the Varsity match. But, despite this, Cambridge bowlers were unable to get Oxford all out on a tricky wicket in time to save a draw on the last day at Lord's. Gibb, who took Ames' place at Manchester, also kept for Cambridge

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
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JULY

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KIA-ORA

At Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton, as at all Social gatherings, there is one certain way of meeting the request for a cool, delicious and eminently refreshing drink.

For an appetiser—mix a "GINORA"—
Short Drink, ½ KIA-ORA ORANGE, ½ Gin; shake; serve cold.
For a long drink — add soda.

Age and Youth

By Eleanor E. Helme

Is 1938 the year of youth or the year of age? Somebody who used to be a very keen observer of the game, but has seen nothing of it for some time, remarked to me the other day that, on looking through the championship draw, she was struck by how many of the names she remembered were still well to the fore. She rather inferred—in fact, put the question to me, "Are there no good young ones coming on?"

To be sure, when you see Mrs. Temple Dobell and Miss Joy Winn in the last eight of the championship, and remember both as pre-war golfers, the one winning the Open in 1912, and the other a pigtailed young lady competing in the L.G.U. handicap challenge bowl meeting at Park Langley a month earlier, it does sound as if experience were the greatest asset this year. Look at Mrs. Beard in the South-Western, and Mrs. Sparrow in the Midland; neither of these is a youngster, though it does seem as if their youth were eternal. And in county championships, matches, and meetings all over the country it has been something the same tale.

No doubt the long dry spring is responsible; the amount of run on the ball has given a fictitious and deceptive length to the older golfers, and they have had the wisdom to combat fresh problems of the short game presented by the hard ground, tackling it via pitch and run, or run-up shots instead of the inevitable high pitch with a mashie-niblick with which so many young players destroy themselves nowadays.

So my friend's contention is right so far as it goes; the elder sisters have been having a flicker in the limelight this year.

All the same, I do not think there is nearly such a dearth of promising young players as that fact might suggest. Granted that there are no Miss Wethereds or Miss Wilsons amongst them—how is there likely to be without the possibility of comparing themselves with the real giants of the game?—there do seem to be a great many coming on who ought to be of use in the home internationals, and step not unworthily into the shoes of present Vagliano and Curtis Cup teams when the present players have grown past them.

There is, for instance, Pamela Brown, who is still eligible to compete in the Girls' Championship, who rendered splendid account of herself first in the Open at Burnham, and then, a fortnight later, in the Scottish at Nairn. There is Miss Peggy Bullard, held by some critics to be the best of all the very young, holder of the Norfolk Championship, who took Miss Elsie Corlett to the last green at Burnham; there is Miss Joan Hives, longest of them all, holder of the Derbyshire Championship; there is Miss Joan Ker, who beat Miss Jean McLintock handsomely in the Scottish, and only went out to Miss Nimmo narrowly; there is Maureen Ruttle, who at fifteen is so promising that one need set no limit to her achievements if it were not for her very youthfulness. So much may happen to spoil for ever the golf of any player whose game is so developed so young.

How good these and a number of others will really prove it would be hard to say. They will all want, and doubtless will get, many a beating from golfers they consider old and poky, before they have learnt everything such players might teach them. When they have absorbed those lessons, they ought to be grand golfers. Let 's hope they will be.

I shall get back shortly from holiday-making in the north-west of Scotland, and plunge once more into the whirl of golf near London. Just too late for Lady Brecknock's third annual competition at Moor Park, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, or for any of the district finals to be played by qualifiers in either the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* or Wakefield Trophy competitions, I shall be able to come with an entirely fresh and unbiassed mind to the finals of these: the one at Wentworth on July 20th, and the other at the Berkshire on July 21st. The number of players who will have competed in these two competitions is terrific; next year they will probably be even greater.

Up here amongst the hills, news of such things penetrates slowly; one's sole concern is the stags seen, the hills climbed, the birds watched. If any world-shattering golf news ought to have reached me, I can only say that it has not, and comment must wait till I am home again. And then, or very shortly afterwards—July 20th, to be exact—entries open for the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges in September, and the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton a month later. Thus do the merry months run round.

Lenare

Mr. John Morrison and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp

Towards the end of last month John Stanton Fleming Morrison, elder son of the late John Fleming Morrison and Mrs. F. E. Bourn, and Gwendolene Mary Cradock-Hartopp, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cradock-Hartopp, announced their engagement. Both of them are well known to golfers and to readers of the "Bystander": Mr. Morrison has been our golf correspondent for three years; Miss Hartopp was semi-finalist in the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes in 1935, won it (with the late Bridget Newell) in 1936 and 1937. The engaged couple have often made up golf partnerships, notably in the Sunningdale foursomes, and we now wish them luck on entering a life partnership

The "Bystander" Girls' Championship
and
Ranelagh and Roehampton Foursomes
Entry Forms will appear in next week's issue

The Countess of Brecknock's Golf Party at Moor Park

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Morrison-Bell were at Moor Park for Lady Brecknock's competition

Three more people playing golf in aid of children's country holidays were the Hon. Roland Cubitt, Mrs. Cameron and the Hon. Esmé Glyn. The competition was the third annual one; there are more pictures of it on page 72

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Those of us who take a secret pleasure in seeing ourselves in print should make the most of this year's fashions, as every other dress is a blaze of bright colours. An ensemble introducing an attractive border-print is shown in the above photograph. It comes from Jay's, Regent Street, and may be seen in the young ladies' department on the second floor, where nothing costs over eight and a half guineas. The dress has short sleeves and a swinging, knife-pleated skirt, stitched over the hips to give a slender line. It is worn with a short sack coat of the same material, with pleats across the back, and three-quarter-length sleeves. The sale price of this model is four and a half guineas, reduced from five and a half, and it is available with either a dark blue or black ground. Evening dresses are also shown in this department, and for six pounds there is a fascinating picture frock in a pastel printed crinkle organdie. This material is ideal for packing as it is practically uncrushable and always looks fresh. The dress is cut with a wide Victorian decolleté which is very becoming to sloping shoulders, and has small puff sleeves, while the graceful skirt is stiffened round the hem by a wide flounce of white organdie, loosely pleated

Happy Landing

It is always the little things which count in a woman's wardrobe, so be sure to take a variety of amusing accessories to wear with your beach clothes. The vogue for costume jewellery continues, and there are all sorts of shell necklaces with bangles to match, also jangling bracelets strung with coloured fish. Another idea is to wear starfish clips, either in the hair or on the shoulders, and bright red earrings like crabs

The great point about a holiday is to feel thoroughly gay and carefree. Never arrive with a wardrobe trunk full of unnecessary clothing, but let Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, help you to choose a few really exciting beach suits. The girl above who is sitting on the sands, admiring the pictures of herself in this week's "Bystander," has chosen a white shark-skin play-suit for 3½ guineas, printed with a brilliant floral design. It is lined with royal blue milanese, and is therefore suitable for sea as well as sun-bathing. She is wearing Fortnum and Mason's "top-knot," a most ingenious head-dress made of white cotton which has been specially treated so that water rolls off it as it does off a duck's back. Like a small tent, it shields the back of her neck and adds a Foreign Legion touch to her charming play-suit. Her toeless sandals with cork soles are in four different shades of canvas, and cost 29s. 6d. The beach bag she holds has been designed to match her shoes and costs 35s. 9d. It is lined throughout with waterproof

You will certainly need a pair of slacks as there is nothing more comfortable for changing into after bathing. Those on the left in white linen come from Fortnum and Mason, and cost 59s. 6d. They are beautifully tailored and are obtainable if desired in pastel colours as well as nigger, navy and sail brown. The striped lisle thread pullover which accompanies them is in red, white and blue, and only costs 29s. 6d. It has a round neck and is available in various gay colour schemes. The white peaked cap lends a distinctly nautical air; it is made of linen trimmed with navy petersham and may be seen in the millinery department. A delightful alternative to slacks are linen shorts with shirts to match. They are also made in shantung and gay cotton prints. Play-suits with wrap-over skirts are becoming, and very useful, as they can be worn ashore instead of a dress. Fortnum and Mason have them in plain as well as spotted silks. One particularly striking model in green with a white spot, is accompanied by a plain wrap-over skirt in a brilliant shade of coral linen

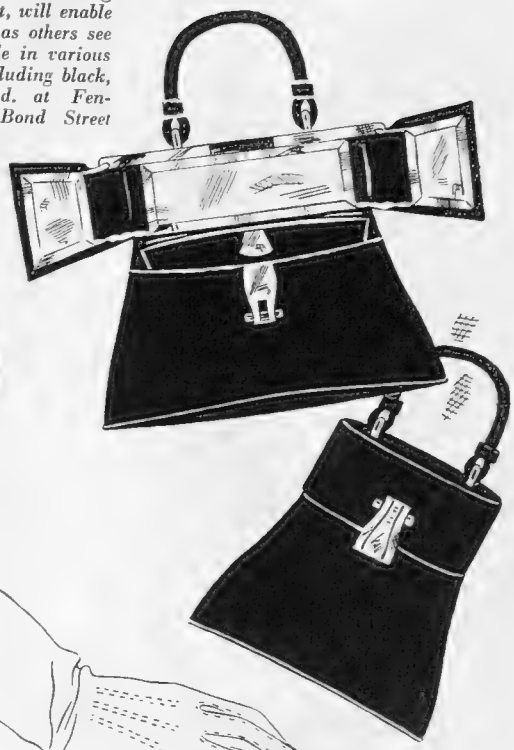
Scott Bushe

The Bystander in search of Novelties

Discovered by Zsolt; pictured by Jam

Tired shoppers will find peace and quiet in the beautiful roof gardens at Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street. Sketched above is a view of the Spanish forecourt, strange and romantic, far from the noise and hubbub of London

The new triple mirror handbag sketched on the right, will enable you to see yourself as others see you. It is available in various shades of suède, including black, and costs 59s. 6d. at Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street



Brighten a black dress or a grey flannel suit with coloured accessories from Fenwick's, who are showing handbags with gloves to match in various shades of suède. These only cost a guinea the set, and are extraordinarily effective. The handbag sketched is a neat, distinctive shape

Do not despair if you have so far failed to acquire a healthy sun tan, as this reflector will make you as brown as a berry in no time. All you have to do is to sit with it round your neck as indicated in the sketch on the left, and let the sunlight play on it. Rivoli in Gooch's, Brompton Road, have it for 4s. 6d.

While you are acquiring a tropical tan with the reflector, wear the dark glasses below with a special shield for protecting the nose. They only cost three shillings at Rivoli's, and are excellent when motoring in an open car, or watching cricket at Lord's

The rockery on the right with its waterfall is another lovely corner in Derry's gardens, where you can enjoy a delicious three-course lunch for 2s. 6d. A short stroll will lead you to the Tudor arches, where you can sit on a bench and read the "Bystander"

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE overwhelming superiority of the Mercédès cars in the recent French Grand Prix did not come as a surprise, but the fact that under the new formula the cars should have been so very little slower than those of last year was frankly staggering. It was more than that. It was also a sorry blow to the hopes of those others who had expected that, with the advent of the new limitations, they might hope to figure more prominently in the picture than they were able to do during the expiring period of the last formula.

The German cars completely dominated the race and it looks as though we have all got a lot of leeway to make up before we may get within striking distance of them in Grand Prix racing. Personally, I have despaired of the Government ever doing anything to enable us to uphold the prestige of our third-most-important industry in the field of racing; but I have by no means despaired of the good sportsmanship of the average British motorist.

I wish someone would open a nation-wide Ten Shillings Fund to build, equip and run a national team in G.P. races. We have the engineering brains and we have the drivers. All we need is the finance. And I am confident that such a fund would raise at least £50,000. Perhaps when they saw that the British public—or, rather, the motorists belonging to it—were keen enough to support such a fund to that extent, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders might be persuaded to organise a fund among its members to raise a similar sum. With a round £100,000 available as a nucleus, we could, I am quite sure, put up a show against any foreign team in the world. Won't someone start the ball rolling?

JOHN COBB, known to his intimates as "the Genial Giant," sails for Utah a fortnight to-day aboard the Aquitania. His car is already on the high seas on the Georgic. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether Cobb and Eyston will meet at Bonneville, for the salt is said to be in such excellent condition that there is every possibility that Eyston will have completed his "business" there and will be homeward-bound by the time Cobb arrives.

Cobb has implicit faith in Reid Railton, the designer of his car. So much so, indeed, that he himself has had absolutely nothing to do with the designing or construction of it. He is the first to admit that he is not a skilled engineer. But the man does not breathe who will deny that Cobb is a very highly-skilled driver. There is great merit in a man who, like Cobb, knows and acknowledges his limitations. Thus, when the chassis of the Railton was on view at Brooklands with its multifarious pipe-lines and tubes twisting this way and that, Cobb surveyed it with a bewildered sort of pride and was heard to say to himself: "Well, it may be a marvellous engineering job, but it looks like Clapham Junction to me!"

The Dodge Custom Eight

This smart streamline saloon, very well finished inside and out, is listed at £545

IT is sad news for those of us who still have a hankering after the grand manner motor-racing of the Brooklands of old, that the British Racing Drivers' Club has decided at last to drop its classic 500-miles race. This was the last remaining long-distance event for really fast cars in Europe, and with it goes something of the tradition of real motor-racing. Of course, if the cars no longer exist for such a race, such a race can no longer be run, and that 's about all there is to it; just the same, though, it seems a thousand pities that this fine spectacle of all-out speed will be seen no more. Let us hope that the new series of races will prove popular.

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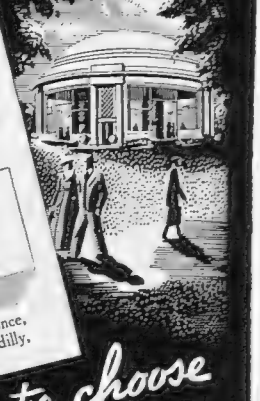

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Amateur Photographers may compete every week (subject to conditions) by sending one or more prints, up to twelve, provided any or all of the following subjects are depicted: — Landscapes or Seascapes, Nature Studies, Human Figures and Curious or Humorous Subjects.

Of course, there is always so much to enjoy in "The SKETCH" . . . magnificent photographs printed entirely in gravure: special illustrated articles, dealing with the theatre, films, motoring, fashions, tennis and fishing. Ask your regular Bookstall or Newsagent to deliver "The Sketch" every week.

The Sketch

ON SALE EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE SHILLING

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

June Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. Higham	Wilpshire	77	13	64	75	11 below
Miss Kippax	Birkdale	78	11	67	75	8 "
Miss P. Hamersley	Beeston Fields	83	17	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Green	Eastbourne Downs	81	18	63	70	7 "
Miss D. Rawstron	Hooton	82	15	67	73	6 "
Mrs. Jopling	Goodwood	83	16	67	73	6 "
Mrs. J. Parkes	Trentham	74	4	70	75	5 "
Mrs. E. M. Cockshutt	Prestbury and Upton	80	10	70	75	5 "
Mrs. S. Martyn	Glamorganshire	82	14	68	73	5 "
Miss B. J. Shipman	Bowdon	85	15	70	75	5 "
Miss Boddy	Chester (Curzon Park)	86	18	68	73	5 "
Mrs. J. L. Williams	Peterhead	80	8	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Scott Chard	Glamorganshire	78	9	69	73	4 "
Mrs. W. L. Shaw	Huyton	79	10	69	73	4 "
Mrs. G. L. Gough	Sudbury	83	13	70	74	4 "
Miss Flitcroft	Eastbourne Downs	80	14	66	70	4 "
Mrs. J. G. Whitaker	Royal Melbourne	83	15	68	72	4 "
Mrs. F. Stowers	Cuddington	88	16	72	76	4 "
Miss E. Fahy	Boldon	86	16	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Trippass	Ladbrook Park	85	16	69	73	4 "
Mrs. D. D. Raistrick	Bulwell Hall	82	16	66	70	4 "
Miss K. Rayner	Sudbury	87	17	70	74	4 "
Mrs. G. B. Barnes	Thonock	84	17	67	71	4 "
Miss M. Elliott	Worksop	84	18	66	70	4 "
Miss B. Pockett	Worthing	75	4	71	75	4 "
Miss N. Cook	Caernarvonshire	75	4	71	74	3 "
Miss G. Banister	Sudbury	81	10	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Wycherley	Hawkstone Park	86	14	72	75	3 "
Mrs. C. M. Ross	Caldwell	84	15	69	72	3 "
Mrs. L. Davison	Carlisle City	86	16	70	73	3 "
Mrs. H. Meadows	Scraptoft	86	16	70	73	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. C. McGregor	Fulford (York)	89	29	60	76	16 below
Mrs. Budden	Sale	90	30	60	73	13 "
Mrs. M. K. Stoneham	Kingsthorpe	94	33	61	74	13 "
Miss D. Rye	Scraptoft	94	33	61	73	12 "
Mrs. M. Reavely	Boldon	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. A. Garrard	Kingsthorpe	98	36	62	74	12 "
Mrs. A. W. Lehmann	Dulwich and Sydenham	87	23	64	75	11 "
Mrs. H. S. Storrs	Bishop's Stortford	90	27	63	74	11 "
Mrs. W. Calam	Cleethorpes	95	36	59	70	11 "
Mrs. Hoare	North Oxford	94	33	61	71	10 "
Miss B. Gillam	Exmouth	94	32	62	71	9 "
Mrs. Thorne-Thorne	Exeter	99	34	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Helas	Bramhall	88	21	67	75	8 "
Miss J. M. Hall	Chilwell Manor	87	22	65	73	8 "
Miss M. A. Cornish	Heswall	89	24	65	73	8 "
Miss M. M. Saunders	Hampstead	90	26	64	72	8 "
Miss E. Coates	Saltburn	91	27	64	72	8 "
Miss K. Bowden	West Lancashire	93	29	64	72	8 "
Mrs. V. F. Aldous	Dulwich and Sydenham	98	31	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Giles	Goodwood	98	33	65	73	8 "
Mrs. E. White	Dulwich and Sydenham	102	35	67	75	8 "
Mrs. J. F. Rogers	Alfreton	95	35	60	68	8 "
Miss D. Brookes	Willesley Park	102	36	66	74	8 "
Dr. R. Janish	Northampton	102	36	66	74	8 "
Miss M. A. Martin	Nuneaton	82	19	63	70	7 "
Mrs. L. McEwen	Royal Porthcawl	88	21	67	74	7 "
Miss M. Braddell	Cooden Beach	91	22	69	76	7 "
Mrs. C. S. Boulton	Shrewsbury	87	22	65	72	7 "
Mrs. E. Ruddock	Island (Singapore)	85	22	63	70	7 "
Mrs. Parker	Chigwell	90	23	67	74	7 "

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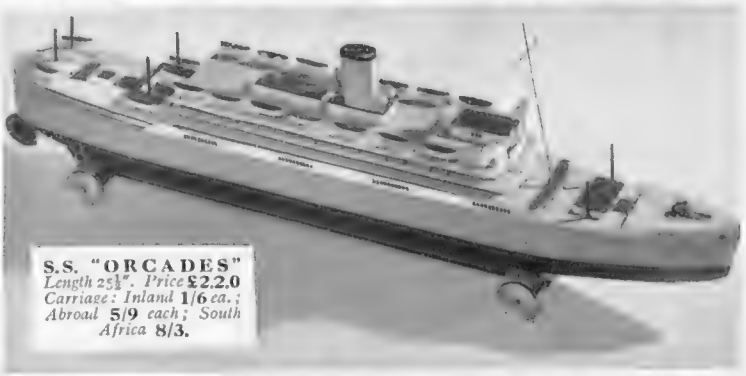

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American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 13—July 19

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—The Capek brothers' charming satire on human weakness is now at the Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Nora Swinburne and Cecil Parker as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre. Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—West Africa makes a fine schoolboy spectacle to the *Sanders of the River* story: Leslie Banks and Edna Best are somewhere there: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Gladys Cooper as Olivia, Philip Merivale as Malvolio, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE SECRETS.—Described as another *Journey's End*, this story is set in the polar snow: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Lossef, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond and Steve Geray: Savoy, 8.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 107.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Revudeville 106"

Vivian Van Damm's Russian number is now in its fourth week at the Windmill Theatre, and gives way to "Revudeville 107" on Monday. Here are Teddy Haskell and Anthony Kelly raising up Beatrice Appleyard

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

LITTLE STRANGER.—June Clyde has a stone-into-a-millpond part, supported by Robert Eddison and Henry Hewitt: Royalty, to-night, 13th.

THE BROTHERS ASHKANAYI.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre play a New York Jewish success: Phœnix, Thurs., 14th.

THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Coliseum, Sat., 16th.

LYSISTRATA.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale head the cast in Aristophanes' anti-war comedy: Open Air Theatre, Tues., 19th.

CINEMAS

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: Dominion.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (American; revival).—Lubitsch's version of Coward with Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins: Plaza.

THE DRUM (British).—Sabu and the British Army on the North-West Frontier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EXSTASE (Czechoslovakian).—A slow, lovely but not erotic exposition of the life of a passion: Rialto.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier, Elvire Popesco, Josette Day in a thin satire on newspaper stunts: Berkeley.

JOY OF LIVING (American).—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a not-so-joyful crazy comedy: Regal.

NO PARKING (British).—Gordon Harker and Frank Stanmore are down-and-outs who have a run of luck and unwitting crime: Gaumont.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michèle Morgan are the players: Curzon.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII. and THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME (British; revivals).—These two Korda classics of cooked history in the past and the future make up the programme at the Odeon.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Czechoslovakia Prepares*: Academy.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Robinson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS (British; revival).—Hitchcock's thriller from Buchan's novel, with Donat and Madeleine Carroll: Leicester Square.

YELLOWJACK (American).—Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery are in this: Empire.

YOU AND ME (American).—Two ex-convicts make good (George Raft and Sylvia Sidney): Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE:

Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A six weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Scala, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN:

LA CONCURRENCE, PETROUCHKA, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—To-day, 13th, 2.30.
COTILLON, THAMAR, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.—To-night, 13th, 8.45.
CARNAVAL, FRANCESCA, CHOREARTIUM.—Thurs., 14th, 8.45.
LAC DES CYGNES, THAMAR, PROTÉE, AURORE.—Fri., 15th, 8.45.
JEUX D'ENFANTS, SCHEHERAZADE, DANSES POLOVTSIENNES.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.
CARNAVAL, PROTÉE, COQ D'OR.—Sat., 16th, 8.45.
JEUX D'ENFANTS, L'OISEAU DE FEU, AURORE.—Mon., 18th, 8.45.
LA CONCURRENCE, CENDRILLON. SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.—Tues., 19th, 8.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET AT DRURY LANE:

LES SYLPHIDES, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-day, 13th, 2.45.
LES ELFS, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-night, 13th, 8.45.
LAC DES CYGNES, GAITÉ PARISIENNE, SEVENTH SYMPHONY.—Thurs., 14th, 8.45.
LES SYLPHIDES, L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Fri., 15th, 8.45.
LAC DES CYGNES, GAITÉ PARISIENNE, L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR.—Sat., 16th, 2.45.
LES ELFS, GAITÉ PARISIENNE, SEVENTH SYMPHONY.—Sat., 16th, 8.45.
LES ELEMENTS, GAITÉ PARISIENNE, L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR.—Mon., 18th, 8.45.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Helen Ball

Is the younger daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, of Kimbridge House, near Romsey, Hants., and is to marry Michael Ryde, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ryde, of Poundfield House, Old Woking, Surrey

Bassano

Patience Beryl Goddard

Is the only daughter of the late Thomas Nelson Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, of Herries, Cookham Dean, Berkshire; she is engaged to Phillip Froude James, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick James, of 2, Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.1

Rana

Pamela Deverell

Pamela Clare Deverell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frances Deverell, of The Mill House, Shiplake, Oxon., is engaged to Almon Chamberlin Greenman, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Almon Greenman, of St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Pearl Freeman

Amy Anne Wedderburn

Is the only daughter of the late D L. C. Maclagan Wedderburn and Mr Wedderburn, of Bogangreen, Ne Berwick, East Lothian; she is marry John David Rew Elkin eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Elkington, of Adbury Holt, Newbu

Bassano

Joan Gertrude Alexander

Is the daughter of Major-Gen. H. L. Alexander, of Aldermoor, Beaulieu, Hants., and Mrs. Alexander, of High Barn, Limington, Somerset; she is engaged to Martin Innes Gregson, R.H.A., son of Col. and Mrs. H. G. Gregson, of Whitelackington, Ilminster, Somerset

Kay Vaughan

Elizabeth Agnew

Is the daughter of the late Captain V. C. W. Agnew and Mrs. Board, of Glangwna, Caernarvon, N. Wales; her fiancé is Brian Kingzett, R.H.A., second son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Norman Kingzett, of Karridale, West Byfleet, Surrey

Bassano

Gloria Howey

Gloria Rosemary Pamela Howey, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. P. Howey, of 20, Aldford House, Park Lane, W., is engaged to John Anthony Slater, R.A.F., second son of Col. S. H. Slater, of Keene House, Hillier Road, Guildford, and of Mrs. A. E. Borton, of Cheveney, Yalding, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Mary Inglis Linklater

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross Linklater, of Henbury Manor, Wimborne, Dorset; her fiancé is William Alexander Shirras, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Shirras. The wedding takes place on August 6th

Fayer of Vienna

Rosalind Jewell

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. M. F. S. Jewell, of The Hill, Upton-on-Severn, Worcs.; she is engaged to F. G. Wills, second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wills, of Glenavob, Clifton Down, Bristol

Pearl Freeman

Eileen Duckworth

Eileen Vivienne Frances Duckworth, only child of the late L. F. Duckworth and Mrs. C. Hendriks, of 3e, Morpeth Terrace, S.W.1, is engaged to Gilbert Carmichael, Senior Assistant Secretary, Scotland Yard, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Carmichael

Lenare

Nona Davidson

Nona Davidson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, of Manor Place, Bickley, Kent; she announced her engagement on June 19th to James Stewart, of Toronto, Canada

Fayer of Vienn

Sheila Wiggen

Is the only daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wiggen; her engagem was recently announced to Edw Harley, elder son of the late Edw Harley and Mrs. J. H. Bowman Seafield House, Mistley, Essex. M Wiggen lives at Hanover Court,

Hyde — Tew

Capt. Charles Humphrey Rochfort Hyde, the Manchester Regiment, youngest son of the late G. Rochfort Hyde and Mrs. Hyde, of Lynnbury, Mullingar, Ireland, and Kathleen Margaret Tew, twin daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. G. Tew, of Moorlands, Haxby, York, were married at St. Mary's, Haxby

Jamieson — Haslam

Dr. John Jamieson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. John Jamieson, of 34, Albany Street, Edinburgh, married Patricia Noëlle Haslam at Bolton Abbey. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Haslam, of Burnley

d'Abo — Graham-Clarke

Robert Erland d'Abo and Mary Elisabeth Graham-Clarke were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. G. L. d'Abo, of 16, Avenue Road, Regent's Park; she is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Glos.

Norwood — de la Rue

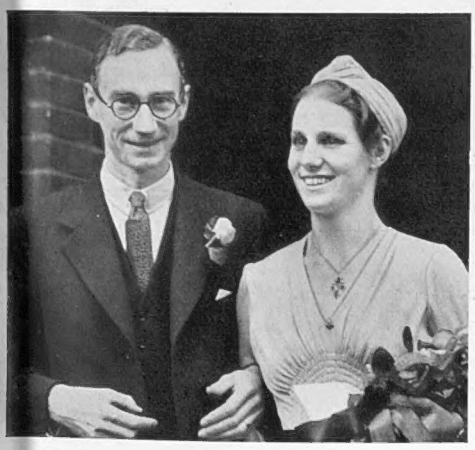
It was an R.A.F. wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, between Squadron-Ldr. John Norwood, of Bentley Priory, Stanmore, and Ann Griselda de la Rue, daughter of the late S. de la Rue and Mrs. Sutton, and step-daughter of Air Vice-Marshal B. E. Sutton, of Hillside, Camberley. Sqdn.-Ldr. Norwood is the son of the late Capt. John Norwood, V.C.

Wreford — Warburton

At Tawstock Parish Church, Devon, Lieut.-Comdr. William Carew Wreford, younger son of Mrs. Wreford, of Harracott House, Bishop's Tawton, Devon, married Dorothy Maude Warburton, only daughter of Mrs. Laura Warburton, of Woodnuton, Sale, Cheshire

Cahan — Cobbold

John Flint Cahan, son of the late Captain the Hon. J. F. Cahan and Mrs. Cahan, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, married Helen Mary Theresa Cobbold at Hampstead Parish Church. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Eden Cobbold, of 72, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3



Bulman — Fearnsides

Oliver Meredith Boone Bulman and Marguerite Fearnsides were married at Chelsea Old Church, by the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He is the younger son of the late H. H. Bulman and Mrs. Bulman, of 51, Oakhill Road, S.W.15; she is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. W. G. Fearnsides, of Sheffield

Morrison — Hole

Lieut. Thomas Kenneth Morrison, R.A.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Morrison, of the Royal Military College, Duntroon, Australia, married Dorothy Cornish at St. Faith's, Lee-on-Solent. She is the only daughter of the late William Margary Hole and Mrs. Hole, of Pinecroft, Lee-on-Solent

Thompson — Pickering

Leslie Gladstone Thompson, son of Sir Ernest and Lady Thompson, of Fieldhead, Prestbury, Cheshire, and Joan Pickering, of 32, Crompton Court, S.W., daughter of Mr. Pickering and the late Mrs. H. Pickering, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

The Egg

I said to my egg
"Can you stand on one leg?"
I knew that it wouldn't,
I knew that it couldn't,
But said I to my egg,
"Can you stand on one leg?"

I said to my egg
"Can you sit up and beg?"
You're getting much fatter,
That's just what's the matter,
And that's why my egg,
Cannot sit up and beg.

My egg said to me,
"It's as plain as can be,
You must cut off my head
And then when I'm dead,
Just eat me with salt.
For I cannot beg,
Or stand on one leg,
And it isn't my fault,
But with Cerebos Salt
I think you'll agree
You'll enjoy me".

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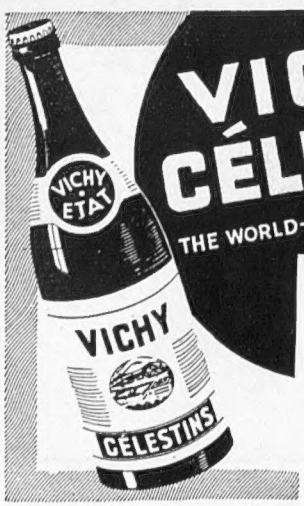

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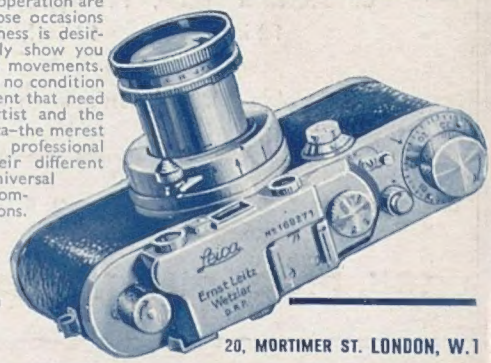

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